

HEALTH & EFFICIENCY

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NUDISM'S SPRING REVIVAL





HEALTH and EFFICIENCY

THE JOURNAL OF THE SUN SOCIETIES
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No. 907

Editor: Leslie L. Bainbridge

This magazine is entirely independent. Its aim is to present the great health movement towards sun and air bathing in its widest aspects, and to publish supplements from the recognised sun bathing groups, but the views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the Editor.

● We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety.

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74th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

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THE MARCH

OF TIME

However one may resent it, change is inevitable in the human scheme of things. Nowhere is this change more dramatically demonstrated than in the area of naked body display and attitudes pertaining to matters of the flesh. John Phillifent comments.

ONE of the more puzzling quirks of the human behaviour pattern is the technique of selecting a single phrase, item, or work to symbolise a decade, a movement, or the life-work of a person. In music, for instance, pronounce the word Rachmaninov, and immediately there comes to mind the sonorous notes of one certain prelude. And nothing else. Or, still in music, think of William Tell, and up comes . . . the Overture. The opera? Not unless you happen to be a musicologist. In other fields, speak of Greece and what comes up but a cluster of marble statues and a temple or two. Egypt will get you Cleopatra and a pyramid or two, and the Sphinx.

The same curious effect applies to famous men. Winston Churchill, for instance, spent most of his political life making significant speeches, yet his rolling phrases have passed into the language as symbols of the time, rather than memories of him as a person. The Iron Curtain, for one; The Few . . . for another. Whereas *he* will always be remembered as a bulldog glare and a cigar. Aneurin Bevan, who was instrumental for introducing a National Health Service that is the envy of the rest of the world, chose to use just

one word, 'vermin', in discussing the opposition, and that's what he will be forever remembered for. And so it goes. No one really knows just why any particular phrase or act gets into the public mind as a candidate for immortality. I suspect it has something to do with resonance, a kind of echo into the deeper regions of the unconscious. I have in mind particularly two phrases coined by Harold Macmillan when he held the office of Prime Minister.

The birth of the blues

One was 'The winds of change' which was used, so far as I recall, in reference to the state of affairs in South Africa at that time, and had to do with apartheid. That particular issue no longer hogs the headlines, but the phrase has bitten deep into our conduct of affairs in general. The other neat phrase was 'You never had it so good', which was thrown off in a moment when, as all politicians have to, he was trying to justify the actions of his government. In a curious and intriguing way, both phrases seem to have melded and profoundly affected the way we live today. To show just how much we have changed I need to

go back only a few years and consider a fashion point. As nudists we are probably better qualified than any other group of citizens to look at the wild vagaries of fashion with an objective eye. Other people regard clothing as an essential component of their lives and are therefore personally biased.

Come the dawn

So, to refer back to the year 1964, and the breathtaking emergence of two things, two small circular items, duplicated and repeated, which caused controversy out of all proportion to their size and, I wish to emphasise, the brevity of the phenomenon and the precise region of the unveiling. Of course, I refer to the 'topless' theme. It flared into headlines, made sporadic and in-the-flesh appearances, aroused disproportionate reactions, was discussed on all levels of society, and then disappeared all in a matter of weeks. On the surface, things rippled along pretty much as before. All over and forgotten, a silly-season thing. Or was it? Consider a moment.

Here was a thing, a news-item eminently visual, yet no newspaper dared offer it openly, no TV network, no newsreel would touch it except in a very delicate and remote manner. Seldom can such a spectacular morsel have been talked about so much, yet kept so discreetly out of sight. How very awkward. And another awkwardness. Topless swimsuits, in fact, used much more material than most bikinis, yet were unhesitatingly banned from all beaches except in Sweden. The beach, where almost anything goes, suddenly sprouted bye-laws. Or again, this was one time when the experts were speechless. Fashion columnists, who can usually be relied on for yard upon yard of comment on line, shape and texture, could do nothing with this except wring their hands quietly and hope it would go away. Designers sneered, or rushed to claim that mystery is more





alluring than the naked truth, thereby eating every word they had written in the preceding ten years.

Great elation

Just a silly-season oddity? Consider what all the fuss was about. Not the disclosure of the female breast. Not at all. That, by one trick or another, had been going on for generations, as much as the times would allow. But now, ludicrously, everyone started doing handsprings simply because the summit had been reached. Just those two little bits on the top, really. Dreadful! How devastatingly indecent. And hilarious, to see those very words used in an article cheek-by-jowl with a huge pin-up picture thrusting everything else out for anyone to drool over.

Two small circular items. Trigger zones, so said a learned article in a popular science journal, and went on to discuss such abstruse items as colour-contrasts, erectile tissue, and the biological-evolutionary implications of breast-baring. Subsequently other learned persons in the letter-columns of the same journal took the would-be expert apart and derided him. Scientific women wrote in their opinion quota. And under all this fuss, two-and-a-half basic principles reared their stubborn heads. To take the fractional one first, it became obvious that many women were not so far under the thumb of the fashion-dictators as they would have liked us to believe. Because the topless dresses sold. And sold, what is more, to all kinds of women, quite a lot to adult and middle-aged housewives and mothers. This is shown by trade figures for the time, very hard evidence indeed. One wonders where all those dresses are now?

But the first major principle made obvious was discrimination. Civil liberties in fact. The first small stirrings of women's lib. The topless hassle showed beyond all

doubt that women were second-class citizens. Think about it. The moralists, the holy, the self-appointed guardians of our moral fibre, said with one voice that this thing must not be. This gross indecency. One had to ask, what indecency? The naked female breast is indecent? Or is it the male ego which contains the filth? And what a thought, that a woman *must not* show her naked breasts because any man within eye-shot is likely to be improperly aroused by the sight. And he, of course, had to be safeguarded from such peril, allowed to keep his frailty . . . at her expense! That small seed was to strike very deep indeed.

An illusionary standard

The second principle at stake was a trifle more obscure but every bit as important. It concerned truth versus illusion. For many decades all of us, male and female, had been thoroughly conditioned to believe something that is just not so . . . that the ideal, the attractive, the desirable bust-contour for a mature woman is that of a teen-aged girl with glandular trouble. Fantastic sums had been spent by designers in producing, and women in buying and wearing, harnesses intended to create such an outline. And millions of women had suffered restraint, discomfort and smouldering inferiority because they didn't have what they should never have wanted to have had they been allowed to think for themselves. The 'topless' excursion, brief as it was, tore a hole in that illusion and laid the paper and wood for the fire that was to blaze into the phenomenon of bra-burning.

So the 'topless' thing came and went, but it didn't go far, only into the unconscious of several million women. It is important here to get the right emphasis. It would be foolish to say that any large percentage of women 'went for' the topless idea in itself.

The majority of women, regardless of what the designers may believe, are fairly conservative. It is left to the few bolder spirits to go for every new notion that comes out, just for the sake of it. The rest just wait until one or other trend gains acceptance, by some mysterious process that no one understands, then they follow suit and you have a new 'line'. What did strike home to so many about the 'topless' phenomenon was the rigidity of the reaction. It was an absolute and positive rejection. Thou shalt not! And this, too, is fairly typical of the species . . . that if you put a rigid ban against something apparently innocuous, all sorts of people are going to wonder why not? Resentment was sparked off.

Wrong direction

It is well-nigh certain that Harold Macmillan's 'wind of change' was never meant to blow down this particular avenue, but blow it did. And as it carried the overtones of 'you never had it so good' it stirred up all kinds of reactions. For the majority of people, having it good means having whatever they happen to want, and that, at the time, was something new. People were more in the habit of taking what they could get and postponing their more ambitious dreams for later. Save up, be thrifty, work for it, and some day . . . that was the way of it. But now, not so very long after, all that has changed. People are no longer content to look ahead and dream wistfully. They want it now, and ask why not? Why not, indeed, but hence the fact that at this moment we in Britain are in dire straits with our economy. Quite a lot of our rampant inflation comes about because people are spending money as fast as they get it and going into debt for what they haven't got yet. That phrase has come home to roost with a vengeance.



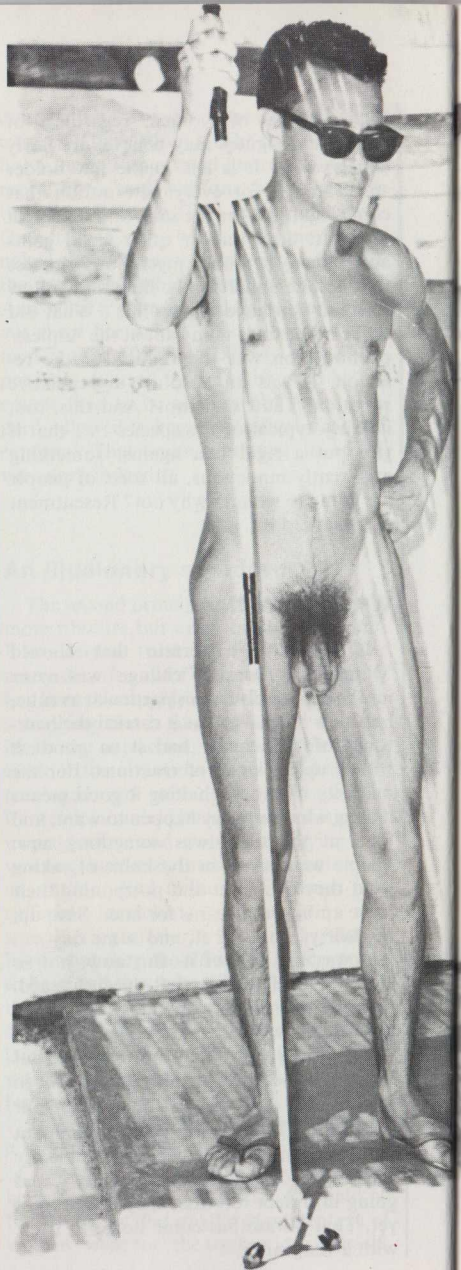
Adequate provision is made to assemble members of sun clubs within specific age groups which are considered as ideal, but little consideration is given to those past the prime. Robin Black pleads a case for the older member.

THERE was a time, years ago, and before I ever became an active naturist, when I assumed that most of the members of the Sun Clubs were young and fit, well-developed and very much like the men and women whose photographs appeared in the magazines. Then one day I was taken to visit a club which has since become well-known in the movement. I was surprised, for I found that most of the members were middle-aged and several decidedly elderly.

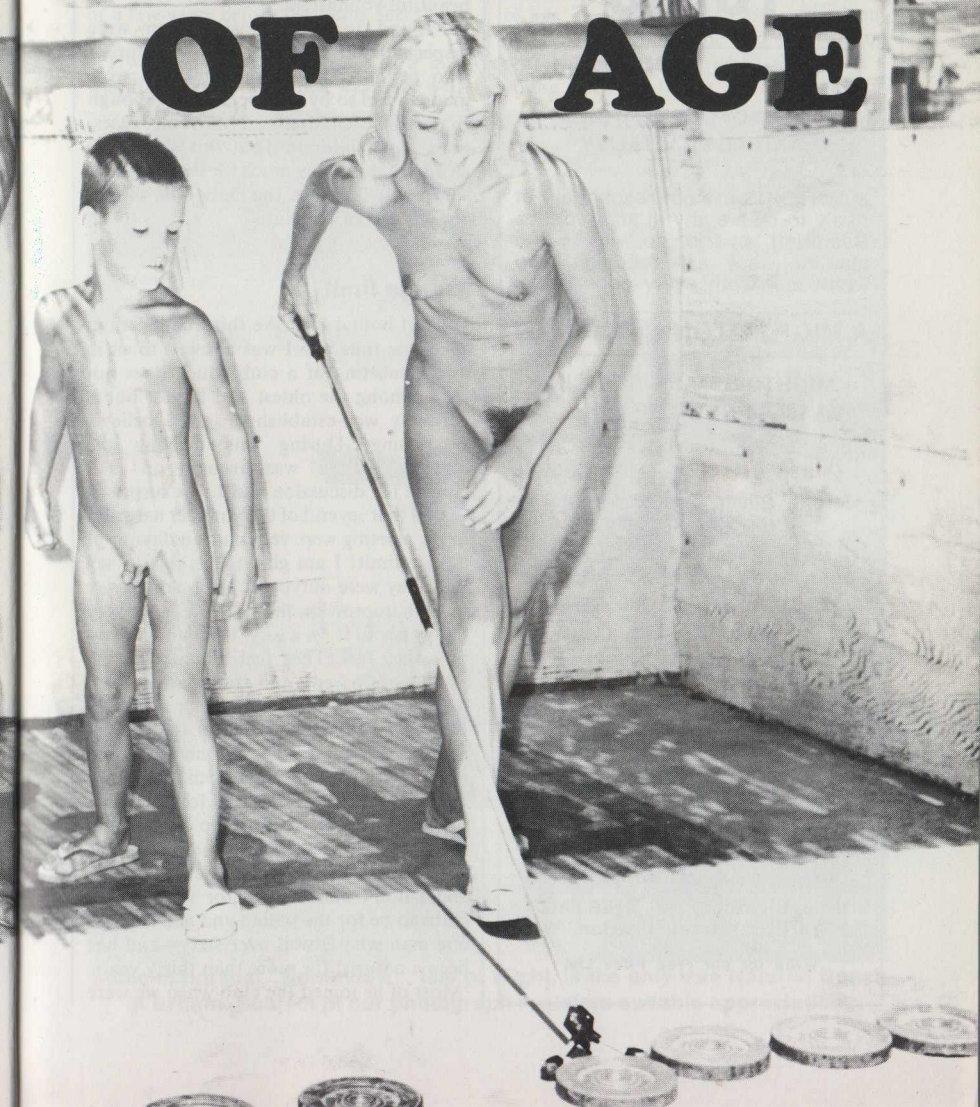
I was very young and I was disappointed. What I found was not much like the picture I had in my mind and I wondered what had happened to all the young gods and goddesses who, I thought, were the real naturists. Some weeks later I went to the same club and this time I did find younger people but, all the time, I was conscious of the presence of men and women who were past middle life.

I wonder. Is it the same in your club? Was the club I was allowed to join exceptional? I have been doing a little research and I have discovered several things which are, to me, surprising. Most of the established clubs have more than a sprinkling of people who belong to the older generation. Of course, I know that we claim that Naturism is for all: both sexes, all ages, and so forth.

I could have expected to learn that these 'senior' members were men and women who had founded the clubs and who had stayed on, perhaps not realising that to the young newcomers they were 'past it'—but that does not explain how



THE COMING OF AGE



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so many of the older folk took up Naturism late in life and joined (or helped found) clubs when they might have expected to be sitting back. But there they were, taking a full part in club life and even competing with the young and beautiful youngsters.

I found, too, that most of them were respected and welcome fellow naturists who neither felt out of place nor were made to feel so by members young enough to be their children or, in some cases, their grandchildren. That this should be so does, I think, say much for the comradeship to be found in the clubs—or should I say, some of the clubs?

An age limit

I feel bound to make this qualification, for some time ago I was allowed to sit in at the meeting of a club which does not rank among the oldest and largest but is certainly well-established and, I believe, flourishing. During this meeting the 'coming of age' was brought up as a subject for discussion and I was surprised to find that several of the younger naturists at the meeting were very much in favour of an age limit! I am glad to be able to say that they were outvoted, but I came away with an impression that they were not very happy about it. In a way, I can understand how they feel. They feel inhibited in the presence of parents and grandparents even if they are not their own older relatives. Later on I talked to some of these older members and, later still, to others who find themselves in the same somewhat embarrassing position. And I found a surprisingly liberal attitude to the young rebels who wished to turn them out. 'It's quite natural. They think we are past it and I don't blame them for wanting the clubs to be for the young and active', said one man who is well over sixty—and has been a naturist for more than thirty years. 'Most of us joined the club when we were.

young; we have worked hard in all sorts of ways to make it a success and we see no reason for standing down. Why should we? These kids must realise that we still make a pretty fair contribution to running the club and, anyway, it's only a matter of a few years before they, too, feel that a new generation is trying to take over'.

I was reminded of the wife of a man who founded a club which was once well-

known but which was disbanded because of a property deal. One week-end she was sweating away, cooking lunch for about twenty members. I knew, from photographs I had seen, that she had once been slim and shapely. She accepted the 'coming of age' as inevitable and she carried on, and what was more she had a life-saving sense of humour for when she heard a young girl refer to her as 'the cook' she



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just smiled—and carried on cooking.

I believe that is typical of the ageing has-beens in the clubs. It is not a matter of growing old gracefully. It is a matter of accepting one's age. Nor is it a matter of 'making the best of it' for the years after one has passed the middle of the road still have their advantages. Being able to jump about, run, beat records is not the only thing in life.

Age and enthusiasm

During my research I came across one or two rather sad stories. The first and perhaps saddest was that of a woman who for many years played a leading part in the life of a club, possibly because she lived near to the club grounds and was therefore always available. She stayed on until an illness made her give up, when she retired to a 'home'. So far, why not? Lots of men and women come to that, but this case seems sad to me because after the first year hardly any of the members of the club bother to visit or write.

The other case is that of a man who put in more than ten years of his life to build up a club, who handed over to 'committee' rule at the request of his members and then was not only voted off the committee but told quite frankly that he was no longer welcome in the club. The committee were of the opinion that he was past the age of 'usefulness'.

I hope these are isolated instances and yet, such is the arrogance and perhaps thoughtlessness of youth that my hope may not be justified. One young man told me: 'It's not that we object to old people being members but we think they should have special clubs. They want to ban everything—even pop music'. Somehow, I don't think there is any answer to that, but let us look for a moment on the brighter side. (Incidentally, this young man was still in his teens and no doubt anyone over thirty was, to him, an old

fogey—a not uncommon reaction.)

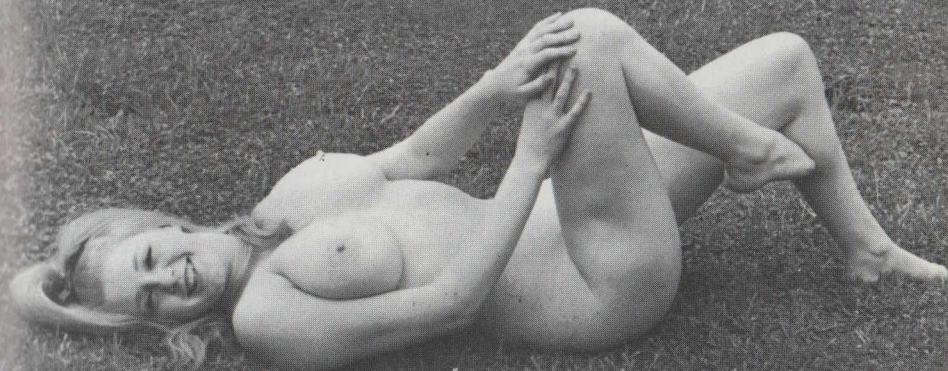
Isn't the true position this? We have, in the naturist movement, many men and women who are between forty and sixty years of age. It might be said that most of the clubs were founded by men and women who are now well over forty. And, of course, as most of us know, we have veterans of seventy and even eighty, still active and in many cases surprisingly fit. Some of them even attribute their long lives to their naturist activities. That is as may be, but what is true is that these men and women who at some time have been the backbone of Naturism, have accepted the inevitable coming of age, have made the most of it, and have been grateful to retain such fitness as they now enjoy. There are others who are not so fit but who

still, in some way or other, play a valuable part in running the clubs.

Sometimes I wonder how the organising and paper-work of the clubs would get done but for the willingly accepted work of men and women who, having passed the age when they could play active games or even slog into club maintenance, gladly undertake unpaid 'labour' in the club offices.

Old age is never welcome, but its coming is inevitable and among most naturists is accepted, I believe, without useless resentment. I hope the youngsters, when they resent the presence of 'old fogeys' will remember that. I hope, too, that when their time comes they will keep their enthusiasm—if not their physical powers—as so many of the old hands do.

The ideal age group! But why the bias?



Readers' Photo Contest



Subject of this month's win appears to be raising the ball in a gesture of triumph.

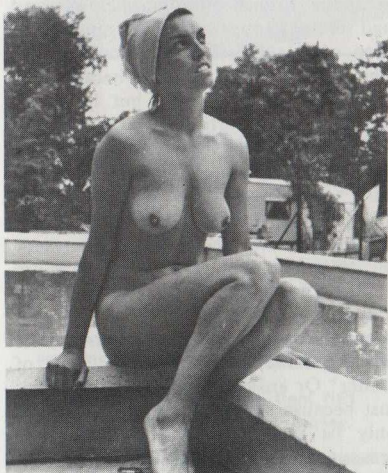
by Murray James

THIS month's winner of our photographic contest is the lass holding the beach ball at arms' length. I think it is a very effective photograph, especially since it appears to have been taken without the assistance of sunshine. It demonstrates very well the use of a dark background to set off the lines of the figure. In this case, too, top light on the hair has stopped it vanishing into the background. I'm just a little sorry about the arm slightly obscuring the face. But that's being very particular.

Our picture placed second was also taken without the benefit of sunshine,

but I think you will be able to see that it has not been as successful as the first. Perhaps the girl's figure is browner. Whatever the cause the figure looks as though it could do with more light.

Third prize goes to the woman in the window frame. Another dull day picture, but quite successful. Unfortunately, both the runners-up are a little fussy. Particularly that caravan in the background of one picture, and the window leads and curtains in the other. In the first case a slight change of position might have helped and in the second even tighter cropping.



Winner of second prize of 3 gns. is posed conventionally by her sun club's pool.

Third place winner presents another aspect of the seated pose picked out against a dark background.



● PHOTO COURSE

The author exhorts the student photographer to plan his sessions rather than approach the subject of his craft haphazardly. A specific end in view, and its pursuits, is far more satisfying even if the final attainment of the prize falls short of expectations.

RECENTLY I went along to the London School of Printing at the Elephant and Castle to hear an experienced photo journalist criticise the work of some of the students there.

What happened was this. A student would produce his wad of pictures—usually plate size. The critic would shuffle through them pretty quickly, perhaps stopping to study one more closely and then hurrying on. When he had finished this quick survey he would select one or two pictures to discuss with the student.

What struck me as remarkable was the number of times the critic held a print in his hands and asked the simple question “Why?” Even more remarkable, he was as often as not, given no reply. Sometimes this may have been due to the student being a little shy, or perhaps feeling it was purely a rhetorical question that the critic would answer himself in just a moment.

But the question wasn’t rhetorical. The critic really was asking the student to say what on earth made him take that particular picture. Sometimes, I thought I could see why. Very often the student’s picture was a near copy of some picture I had seen in a book. For instance, one student’s work looked like an English edition of some of the works of Henri Cartier Bresson, the famous French photo-

grapher. To my lasting shame I’ve never been able to see what was so wonderful about Cartier Bresson, but nevertheless some of his images of everyday French life have stuck in my memory.

I think the student had been told how great this French photographer was and had set out to copy him. The copying had been quite successful. But that was all. The pictures said nothing because the student had nothing to say but ‘look how well I can copy Cartier Bresson’.

Let us not go on about the unfortunate student any longer. I just want to come back to the question—“Why?” Perhaps all of us should ask the question more often before we set out to make some pictures. Why do I want to take a picture of this naked girl? To illustrate the naturist way of life? To show how sexy she is? To provide myself with a little erotic stimulation in the dark days of winter? Or answer like the mountaineer: just because she is there? I think it will only be after you have decided your reasons can you start taking your pictures. That is, if they are ever to be anything more than snapshots. But perhaps, after all, that’s all you want. Fair enough—so long as you know.

Murray James



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AN ISTRIAN

Claire Lucien is among our best travelled naturist authors but up to fairly recently her holiday metier was France and its nudist resorts. She has now turned her attention to Yugoslavia and this is an account of a holiday spent at the well-known nudist enclaves of Red Island, Rovinj and Valalta. All to be found on Istria.

LIKE a gold shimmering wraith astride a strawberry roan-steed, dawn pranced across the opaque greyiness of the sky. The pale blue of the mirror-smooth sea deepened to azure and within minutes the sun was shining uninhibitedly down on the necklace of small islands which glistened here and there with flashes of pyrites, which men call fool's gold.

Firs and palm trees thrust up sentinel figures of green, while soaring sea-birds rode the warm currents of morning air. I surveyed it all with a pleasure so intense that tears welled up in my eyes. On this, the first morning of my stay on Red Island in the Adriatic sea, I stood on the balcony of my comfortable hotel room and congratulated myself on at last discovering a holiday venue which offers the best of both worlds.

My husband and I have both been nudists since the days of our youth and prefer a clothes-free vacation to any other kind, but being somewhat sybaritic in outlook sometimes feel that the discomforts attendant on tent, caravan or chalet accommodation almost outweigh the pleasures of holidaying where nakedness is accepted as the norm.



DISCOVERY



A change *may* be as good as a rest, but we find ourselves increasingly reluctant to exchange carpeted bedrooms, a deep bath with unlimited hot water in a mirrored bathroom, upholstered armchairs and the other creature comforts we enjoy at home, for the purely functional furniture, bare floor-boards, merely adequate food and somewhat primitive facilities of most nudist areas.

On the other hand, hotel holidays at conventional resorts suffer not only from the impossibility of nude basking and bathing but also impose that ridiculous concealment of small bodily areas when donning or removing bikinis and briefs. Those wriggling contortions behind a concealing towel or under a buttoned robe are entirely distasteful to us, and what *is* the use of a sun-drenched balcony if the end of the holiday finds us with white stripes on those areas of skin shaded by obligatory covering?

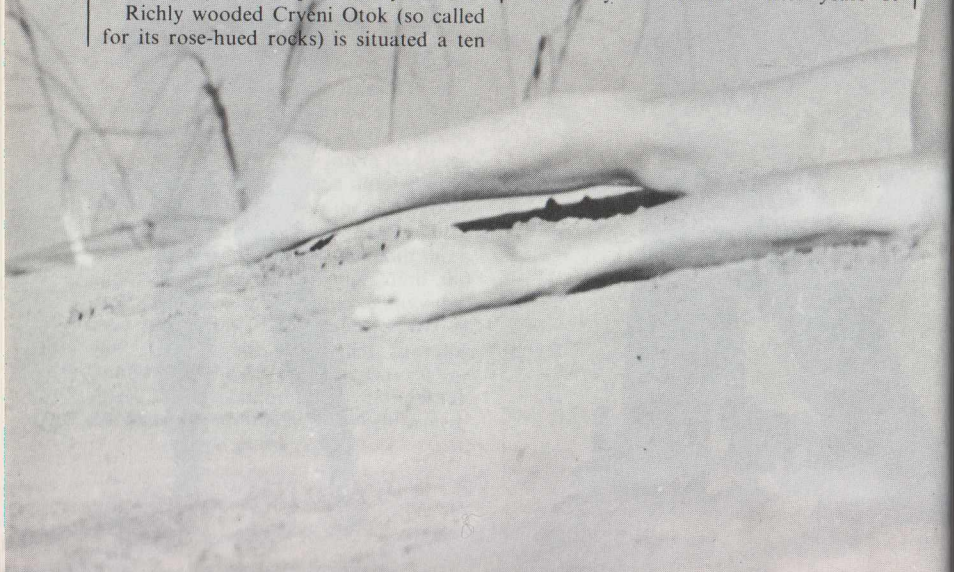
Now our welcome discovery of a place without these annoyances, yet boasting the advantages of a good hotel, allows me to pass on welcome news to the increasing numbers of nudists who enjoy comfort as much as they love complete bodily freedom.

Richly wooded Crveni Otok (so called for its rose-hued rocks) is situated a ten

minute motorboat ride from Rovinj, one of the most picturesque and ideally situated towns on the Istrian peninsular built on twin islands. Both roughly circular in shape, they are joined like the lens of a pair of spectacles by a concrete causeway which represents the nose bridge. The biggest building on Otok Svetog Andrije, the slightly larger of the 'lens', is the recently-built Hotel Istria which accommodates 340 guests. All rooms have their own bath, shower, w.c., and balcony, which, by virtue of clever design, are entirely private without being enclosed by solid walls; a facility much appreciated by the guests who are almost all nudists.

The hotel also has its own ballroom and wine cellar for evening entertainment; there are also swimming pools for adults and children, a newspaper kiosk, a hair-dressing saloon, a cocktail bar and even a doctor's surgery. A castle in which can be seen traces of 6th century murals has been modernised to take 16 guests and various other lesser buildings on the island serve as annexes to the hotel.

The second island, Maskin, contains no living accommodation and is reserved exclusively for nudists. After years of





sampling nudist areas in many countries we have nowhere found a place better suited for the purpose. Needles falling from the graceful umbrella-pines over centuries have laid a soft 'fitted carpet' to its entire surface; low cliffs criss-crossed with easy paths and indented with convenient naturally formed steps, lead down to sheltered coves and inlets where a mixture of flat rocks, shingle bays and sandy creeks provide a wide choice of

paradises in miniature for visitors. Barbed sea urchins, those small but dangerous rock-clinging creatures which painfully hook swimmers and unwary underwater explorers in other sun-warmed oceans, are entirely absent; we encountered no jelly fish, mosquitoes or other malevolent pests, the sea was clear, warm and calm for our entire stay, and two stalwart fellows patrolled the island each morning to gather and cart away in gaily painted

wheelbarrows the accumulation of litter from the previous day.

These amenities, and those of the efficiently run bar-restaurant and well-maintained toilet block on Maskin, are freely available to vacationers staying on Otok Svetog Anriji. Mainland visitors who arrived there by almost every one of the hourly boats pay 5 dinars (about 15p) to

cross the causeway and become temporary nudists, vacationers with their own boats are also at liberty to 'go nudist' on several of the other nearby uninhabited islets which, with Otok Katarina, make up the 13 islands of the Rovinji archipelago.

Picturesque Rovinji itself is one of the leading Istrian tourist centres and the favourite resort of Yugoslavian artists,



She is making for the heights and being justifiably brash about it.

writers, actors and cultural workers, so that it is often referred to as the Yugoslavian St. Tropez. The elegant cafes and restaurants along the waterfront are always bustling with life, creating an atmosphere of leisure and cheerfulness.

This pleasant ambience is enhanced by large numbers of young people coming to Rovinji from all parts of the world and staying at the International Youth Centre just outside the town. Red Island holiday-makers cross to Rovinji for shopping, to explore its quaint narrow streets, its splendidly towered church, its marine museum and to visit its various discotheques.

The last boat back leaves the Town Quay at 11 o'clock, so there is plenty of time for mainland evenings out. At this point I should mention that only post cards, and the none-too-reliable delivery of newspapers, can be purchased on the island, so need for chemist supplies, reading matter, confectionery and other personal items necessitates the 10 minute boat ride to the mainland. This costs approximately 25p return per person, but the trip is so pleasant by sun or moonlight that we frequently made it just for after dinner coffee and liqueurs.

Roman remains

There are good bus services to various places of interest in the vicinity and we spent a delightful day in Pula, chief town of Istria and seat of the regional government. The most impressive of its many historical monuments is an elliptical amphitheatre which is still used to stage concerts and an annual film festival. It dates back to the first century, and although roofless is otherwise exceptionally well preserved. It only lacks some stone-seating which was transported to Venice during the 15th century to be used in the construction of noblemen's mansions there.

Known locally as The Arena, the building is the sixth largest of the surviving Roman amphitheatres and which in the past could seat an audience of over 20,000 gathered to witness combat between gladiators and animals in contests which were held to entertain the court of Emperor Vespasian and his mistress, Cenida, who was a native of Pula. Beneath the amphitheatre can still be seen the compounds where ravenous lions, tigers and leopards which were brought by sea from Africa and India to the nearby harbour, were caged before being driven into the arena to wreak their dreadful slaughter.

Bulls and hounds

Another unique tourist attraction is the Temple of Augustus in the town's main square. This elongated, rectangular structure with its columns surmounted by Corinthian capitals, was erected between the years 14 and 2 B.C. We thrilled at the sights of its still-perfect frieze decorations and the Latin inscriptions painstakingly cut by workmen of two thousand years past.

Although the Istrian peninsular last year entertained 30,000 holidaymakers, a mere 2,000 of them were British; the majority of visitors were Germans, who arrive with their own cars, eager to enjoy the delights of the area. These include a view of Broni, the private island where President Tito has a summer residence at which he is reported to 'entertain world leaders in his mission for peace'.

The heavy, red clay-based land of Istria has bred a unique animal. Small, nimble footed and strong, the Istrian bull is used for cultivation otherwise only possible with 50 h.p. tractors which are both uneconomical and too large for the small fields of the district.

Another animal which can be found nowhere else is the White Istrian hunting

dog. With scarlet ears as its sole colouring, this type of hound accompanies sportsmen who flock to the area for wild boar, fox and rabbit hunts in the winter months.

Istria has long been recognised as an area which caters specially for nudists, and a word to the publicity office of Rovinj that a contributor to 'Health and Efficiency' was in the area brought me an invitation to visit the newest of its several nearby nudist centres.

Called Valalta—meaning High Valley—this was built with remarkable speed in time for the 1968 summer season. It nestles around two romantic bays and can accommodate more than 1,000 nudists in its terraced bungalows. Each residence comprises twin beds, wardrobe, table and two stools, with separate shower, w.c., and hand basin. Main meals are available in the indoor restaurant (where dress is obligatory) or the outdoor snack bar, where one may remain nude, and reasonably priced drinks are available round the clock.

Valalta delights

Here is everything the 'back to nature' nudist requires: prettily surrounded tent sites, ablution blocks, laundry facilities, supermarket and sports facilities. Water ski-ing and underwater swimming are well catered for, and the smooth lawns, interspersed with olive trees, macchina bushes and other lush vegetation, affords welcome shade from the mid-day heat.

The complex even has its own small hydrofoil for sea trips, and a popular diversion is taking part in sea picnics at which fish are caught, then cooked by the boat-crew, while visitors sun-bathe or sharpen their appetites by swimming nude in remote coves along the coast.

At Valalta and at the neighbouring centre of Koversada, which is probably the best-known nudist centre in Yugoslavia, it is possible to spend a whole

holiday in the nude and about 50% of the visitors do so purely as a health promoting therapy, some of them even shunning meat and alcohol to enhance their search for fitness.

Koversada which is slightly nearer to the small town of Vrsar than it is to Rovinji, received its first nudist visitors 12 years ago. Although there is no habitation on the Koversada islet itself, the centre boasts ample facilities 35 yards away on the mainland; bungalows, caravans and tents are scattered over its 250 acres and there is dancing every evening in the main restaurant.

Costumes forbidden!

Here in Britain we tend to regard Yugoslavia as a backward country, and maybe it does lack some facets of sophistication, but its attitude to nudism could beneficially be adopted by many of the places which pride themselves on their high degree of civilisation.

The Yugoslavs are a hard working, and increasingly ambitious, people. The combination is resulting in rapid national development which includes fine new buildings and a strict road-code to cope with the many first-time car owners. It must surely be the only country in the world which has among its official roadside signs one which depicts a swimsuited couple with forbidding lines struck across its surface.

On the sign's reverse are a naked man and woman. The warning is displayed on a post at the entrance to each nudist complex and indicates that even the briefest of clothing should be removed when taking up residence there.

Details of hotels on Red Island available from:- Yugotours Ltd., 150 Regent Street, London, W.1; Peng Travel Ltd. of 27 Chelsworth Drive; Harold Wood, Romford, Essex, arrange holidays at Valalta and Koversada.

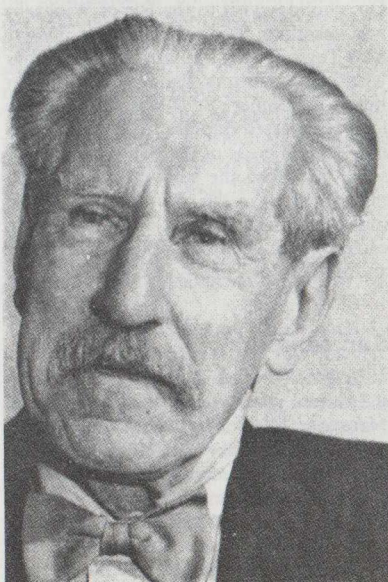
THE PASSING OF A PIONEER

An impulsive brush with naturism sixty years ago triggered off in Hugh Shayler the desire to share with his fellows the secret that in social nudism one could discover the key to the door of self knowledge. A year later his ideas were put into practical form to coincide with the emergence of the British Naturist Movement. Shayler is now dead and Erwin Grant writes his obituary.

MY Christmas card was mailed by the middle of last December to that address in Highbury, North London, which I knew so well, having lived there for months in 1955, and again for an even longer period five years later as the guest of Hugh and Telkea Shayler.

It was a great shock, therefore, to receive in return a card from Telkea telling me the sad news of Hugh Shayler's departure from our midst. Despite a 'mountain of letters, cards and flowers', she found time to quote one friend . . . 'Pioneers come and go, but somehow we thought Hugh Shayler would go on for ever!'

I think the many in our naturist movement who mourn Hugh's passing only a year or so from the achievement of reaching four score years and ten, really believed him to be well nigh immortal. How else could you view a man in his seventies



who refused to grow old and weak, either in body or intellect . . . a man who took up ballroom dancing at a time and age when many of his contemporaries had retired to old people's homes and who certainly would not be found early on summer mornings swimming at an open-air pool.

In the Spring, 1969 issue of the 'H.&E.' quarterly I was able to pay tribute to Hugh Shayler and sketch some of the details of his busy life as it affected naturism. At that time he was recovering

from a serious accident of the previous winter, having celebrated fifty-five years in nudism by being awarded the rare Certificate of Honour for Service to Naturism, accepted by proxy on his behalf at the annual general meeting of the Central Council for British Naturism.

A kindly middle man, yet with decided views on differing aspects of life, Hugh Shayler became a nudist in October, 1913. On a holiday visit to the Isle of Wight, he was strolling along Freshwater Down, near Totland Bay, at a late afternoon hour when most visitors had retired to their hotels for dinner . . . 'I was seized with a long suppressed impulse to strip and revel in the short grass of the golf course. I did so, experienced the supreme joy of complete freedom in the open air, and was so impressed that I repeated the sensation each evening of my stay there, with never an interruption'.

Sun campers

In those few words Hugh summed up the ideal spontaneous introduction to Naturism. Yet it was not until some fourteen years later that Hugh joined the Camping Club, becoming chairman of the London district in due course. During 1931 he and his friends began to use an open downland site at Surrey's Box Hill for sunbathing, and formed the famous 'Sun Campers' group. Here, without fencing, screening or any of the sun club amenities we enjoy today, they camped, folk-danced and took their naked leisure in the sun. A year or so later he met the pioneer woman nudist, Marian Lili, who persuaded Hugh to become Chairman of the National Sun and Air Association which she had founded. Until the start of the second world war he was kept busy, building up a national organisation of individual members and some affiliated clubs. Rallies . . . conferences . . . socials . . . dances at the Lotus League in North

London, so that by 1937 there was a membership of 2,350. Three years before, Camp Sites and Hostels had been formed to finance the purchase and development of camp sites for nudists. Among these were the sites of the Broadland and Liverpool Clubs.

International Federation

After the war, in late 1949, he joined the British Sun Bathing Association and, at its annual general meeting in 1950, he was called upon to act as spokesman for the registered subscribers. One year later, on



Traditionalists tend to ignore indoor naturism. This picture should help change their minds.

October 28th, 1951, he was nominated and elected unopposed the President of the B.S.B.A.

Here was a man of around 65 years who had no thought of retirement in mind. The period following his election as B.S.B.A. President saw him going up and down the country, visiting innumerable sun clubs, vigorously opposing any attempt to domination from outside, involved in law suits and, between 1953 and 1955, an active Press and Publications Officer, lecturing to debating societies, writing articles for 'H.&E.', the B.S.B.A. journal 'Verity', among others. His duties for British naturism took him abroad, and he was a founder member of the Swiss-inaugurated International Federation. Hugh also audited the accounts and was Treasurer for nine years. In fact, he told me a few years ago that as B.S.B.A. Treasurer he felt he was probably rendering his greatest service to the movement. As a result, the B.S.B.A. was never insolvent, and when the Central Council of British Naturism was formed, he handed over a cheque for £531 as a very useful start for the new treasurer.

At that time the B.S.B.A. and Federation of British Sun Clubs were both functioning, but Hugh was anxious to obtain an informal meeting with representatives from both organisations striving to initiate negotiations for a reunion of the two bodies. The way was made easier by that group of young naturists, the Sun-landers, appointing as auditors for their accounts the President of the F.B.S.C. and the Treasurer of the B.S.B.A. Gradually the two bodies came together to form the Central Council for British Naturism in 1964.

Even now Hugh Shayler found more work to do. He became associated with the Eastern Region of the C.C.B.N. as Treasurer and an active practising supporter of the naturist swimming nights at Tottenham Baths. He also remained Vice-

Chairman and Treasurer of the Sun Campers and Auditor of the International Federation until his accident in 1967.

His own memorial

For almost forty years Telkea Shayler had been at Hugh's side organising socials and rallies, serving for a long period on the committee of the National Sun and Air Association. She has been an indefatigable hostess at their Highbury home, setting off from there with Hugh on so many visits to sun clubs and, of course, to Haslemere Club. She partnered Hugh in the ballroom dancing which they took up in recent years and nursed Hugh in his last illness with cheerfulness and kindness.

Everyone will have extended sincere sympathy to Telkea Shayler in her sad loss, for they too have lost a good friend, counsellor and never-tiring worker in the cause of Naturism.

I recall with affection those endless discussions over meals at the Shayler home, the all too rare occasions I joined Hugh in his early morning swimming sessions at the Highbury pool. I remember too his taking me to the Sun Campers' site one sunny day—the club which perhaps most characterised this nudist pioneer, for the company was welcoming and friendly and the location simplicity itself. Here true naturists spent their leisure hours informally and unpretentiously so that the site itself was a kind of memorial to those first stimulating years back in 1931 when it really was unconventional (and not a little hazardous) to be a nudist in the open air in Britain.

All those freedoms we take for granted today in naturism stem from the pioneer efforts of people like Hugh Shayler. As the movement grows and expands and possibly the Free Beach comes to this country, we must never forget the debt we owe to the veterans . . . to the energy, character and enthusiasm of the late Hugh Shayler.

Physical culture and body awareness were very much part and parcel of the early concept of naturism but through the years as body awareness in its self shed its hedonistic overtones the physical culture of naturism declined. Alex Watford attempts to restore the balance.

IT matters little whether you are male or female, a seasoned naturist and reader of this magazine for years, or someone who has recently come across these pages.

Beneath whatever clothes you are wearing at this moment . . . assuming you're not at home, stark naked . . . there's a hunk of skin and bone, a beating heart, warm blood coursing through veins.

If you don't happen to be in the nude right now—strip off those clothes this minute. That is, if you *are* at home! Put on the fire if you must, and take up your stance in front of a good long mirror.

What do you see? If you're a practising naturist of some months, the skin should be nice and brown—healthy looking. Or you could see a reflection of a ghastly white figure, except for hands and face. Something ought to be done about *that*, for a start.

When was the last time you actually *looked* at yourself in the raw? If from the genital angle you're obviously male then it's not thought manly to preen yourself often before the mirror, so it could be quite a shock to note that bulging waist, round and about the navel. The chest, too, has expanded in a very unhe-manlike fashion, so that your torso has flabby, almost feminine breasts. Turning around and glancing back over your shoulder, those buttocks wobble too much and the spine sags helluva lot.

In another room and another house we

have a woman in the nude. My, my, that middle-age spread looks positively pregnant and that bosom would never find its way into the pages of "Playboy". The thighs shake like horse meat, and from the rear view, that's no Marilyn Monroe.

If you're married or sleeping out, how come your partner has never suggested slimming? Maybe he or she likes you that way, but Brother (or Sister) remember what they say about carrying too much weight and the strain on your heart. And what about all that puffing and blowing when you have to go upstairs?

So you are brown all over, and on public display every summer at your sun club? Hells bells—is *that* what they see as you waddle around the site; never realised it before, have you . . .

Now a particular word to the fellows. That your family car out front? Nice job, and not too hard on petrol by the look of it. Ah, I can see your face softening as you put on those clothes again. Surely a soft spot for the old chassis—the car's, not your's. And there's the moral.

Reckon how many hours in a whole year you are out there, head under the bonnet, body under the machinery, using up all those Sunday mornings worshipping at the headlamps of the great god, the automobile?

You've probably fiddled, adjusted, cleaned and polished the chromium coffin week-end after week-end so that the object

THIS IS YOUR

Despite its appearance weight-training is an aid to the pursuit of physical beauty.



BODY says Alex Watford

This line-up of girls put their beauty to its competitive best at last year's Miss Nude America contest.





of your affection purrs like a cat as she takes the hills sleekly, shining with the brilliance of diamonds as you go through the High Street. Never mind those wasted hours, the pain in your back, that ache in the arms. Every minute has been worth the agony and the anguish to keep the old jalopy in running order, to take you to work, out for joy rides at the end of the week, do the shopping, posting letters, the easy, unenergetic way.

Too much trouble

I know, there's never any *time* to do anything about that mysterious heartburn or the giddiness on ladders, or the rolls of fat that are accumulating on that poor neglected body. And it's just too much trouble to *walk* down to the shops or letterbox when your old and dearest friend is out there in the garage, ready to purr into action at the touch of a switch.

All that cleaning and polishing takes it out of you, leaving you fit only for the easy chair and the television set at night. There's a half-hearted wish to drop some of those carbohydrates, but somehow you never get around to the salads, the RyVita, and cutting down on the booze.

So the car keeps in fine condition, while your bundle of flesh and bones runs to seed. The muscles are stiff and useless, with fat accumulating where you should be firm and supple. Sitting so much on the car cushions and TV armchairs has made you round-shouldered and all those hours in the driving seat have built up the tension so that you automatically clench both hands when you're supposed to be relaxed.

Everyone's not fat, however. But even that does not mean your body when stripped would automatically get first prize in a beauty or athletic contest. You can still be flabby . . . and thin.

Take another look at what you see in the mirror—look closely, feel yourself.

gripping a piece of hip or waist, and shudder at the flabby roll of surplus flesh you find in your hand. It's disgusting, is it not? If *only* you had spent as much time on this framework as you have done on the car, or the 'frig, or the deep freezer... cleaning, oiling, airing, rubbing, polishing.

Think man, think woman. Twenty minutes a day in the nude in your bedroom, first thing in the morning or just before bed—a few simple exercises, stretching that body, restoring the wasted tissues and those unused muscles, twisting, bending, taking deep, deep breaths, having a rub down with a rough towel, inviting the air from the window to get to the skin. Then lying down flat on your back, 'letting go' completely as you relax into the carpet, making the mind a blank and feeling the tension seep away in face, neck, shoulders, back, abdomen, buttocks, thighs, legs, feet...

Save yourself

If you only walked to the station or shops, took a brisk stride or two along to that pillar box, and over the common on Sundays. And while you are doing all this, watching carefully what you eat and drink if you are obviously over-weight. Cutting down on the starch, leaving out the fried breakfast and those potatoes and candies and cakes, choosing whole-meal and stone-ground bread, brown sugar, little salt, diminishing the cups of tea, leaving alone the frothy pints of beer.

Glancing briefly at the sex organs as you stand in front of the mirror—even this physical part of your life can be better enjoyed and accomplished when you are in the pink of condition!

Everyone born without physical defect, disability or handicap has a magnificent start in their infant bodies—marvels of natural workings with built-in defences against germs and injuries. It's simply a matter of commonsense in preserving what

you have at birth through schooldays, teenage tantrums and adolescent agonies, right up to maturity, middle age, and on to active retirement.

If you have sense enough not to take drugs, practice a too active love life, deliberately abuse yourself or pour excessive amounts of alcohol down your throat, then you are even more to blame by just letting a once perfect body go to seed and get clogged with neglect.

There's absolutely no excuse for lack of sufficient exercise and fresh air for young people in their 'twenties and thirties'. Equally to be condemned are older citizens who, having survived so far with the modicum of arthritis, blood pressure, and heart strain, make no effort to retain their energies, good looks and reasonable health for the well-deserved retirements. Encouraged to keep fit within their powers, they make the excuse all too eagerly that they are 'too old for that sort of thing'. Maybe when they are hobbling around, bent double with pain in their coming 'sixties and seventies' and see a tanned bouncing 80-year-old enjoying the sun club games court and swim pool, they'll wish they had looked after those decaying old bodies.

Ask the question

If you are a naturist (and if you aren't, you damned well should be), ask yourself a few questions next time you step across the club lawns naked as the day you were born.

Do you feel glad to be alive? Can you stretch up those arms to Heaven without wincing? Have a round of volley ball without gasping for breath? Feel a 'bounce' in your step? Sex life O.K.?

Never mind if your car is at the breaker's yard or a hulking wreck in some garage. For you only have one throughout life and it ought to be looked after as priority number one—this is *your* body.











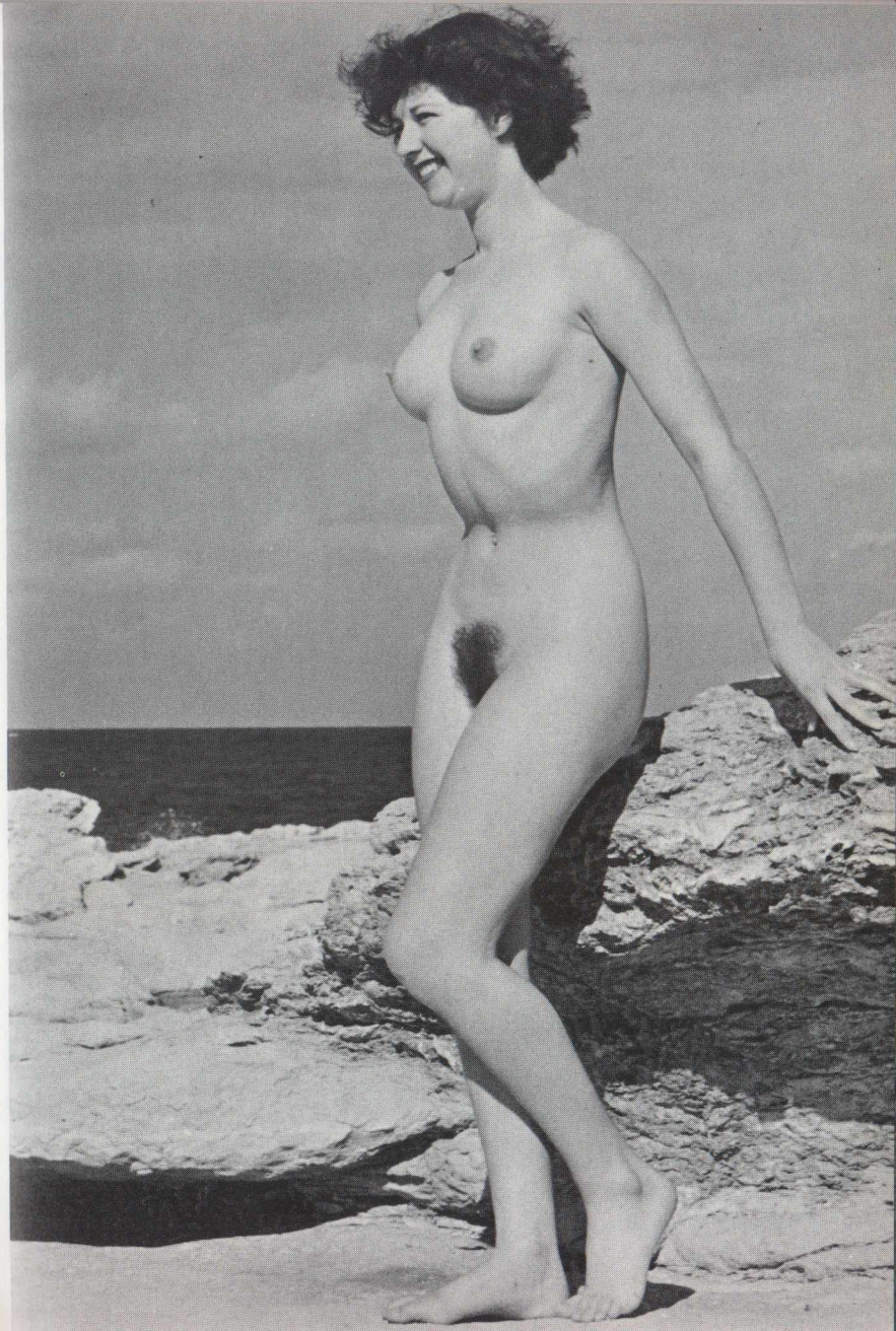


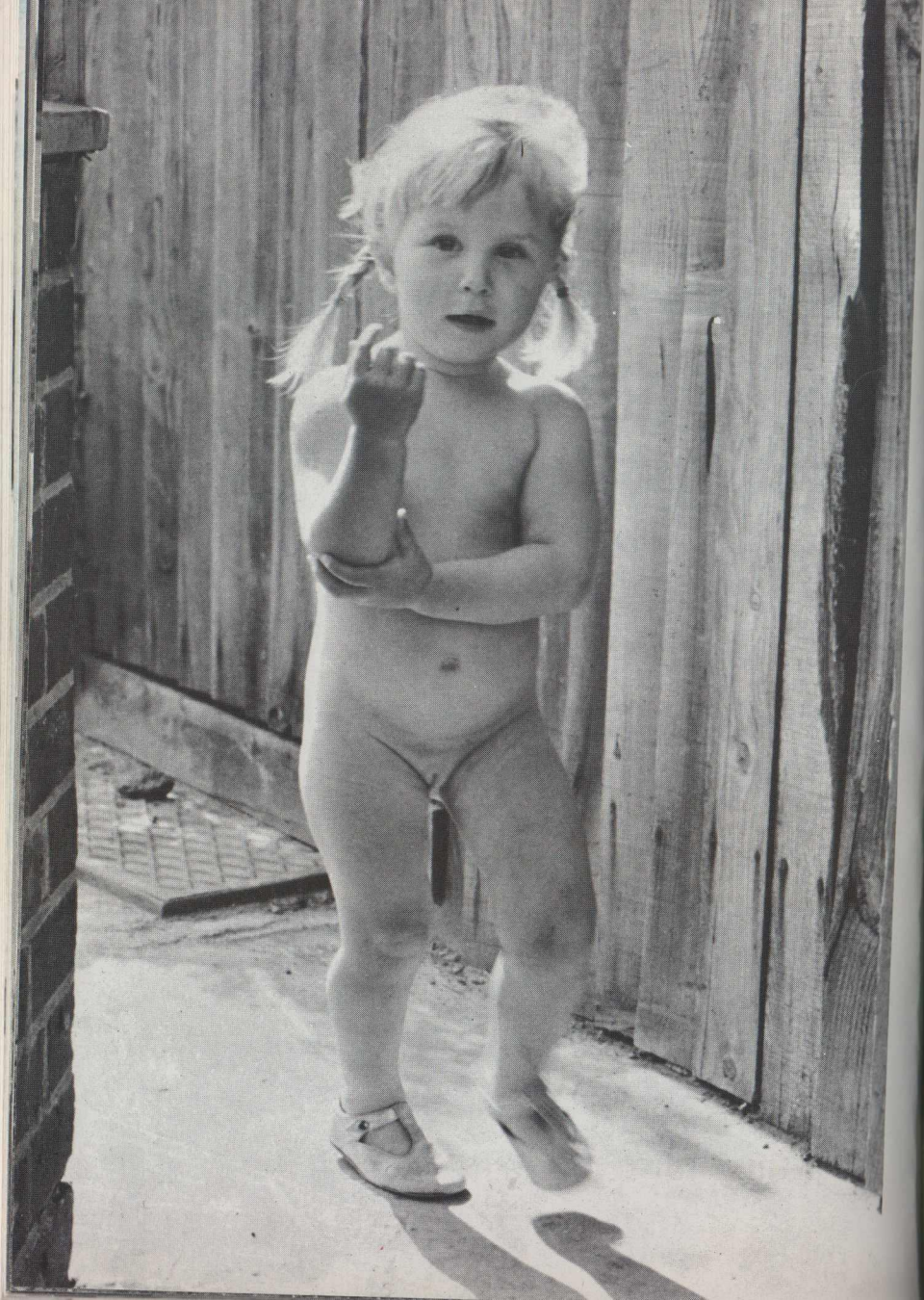








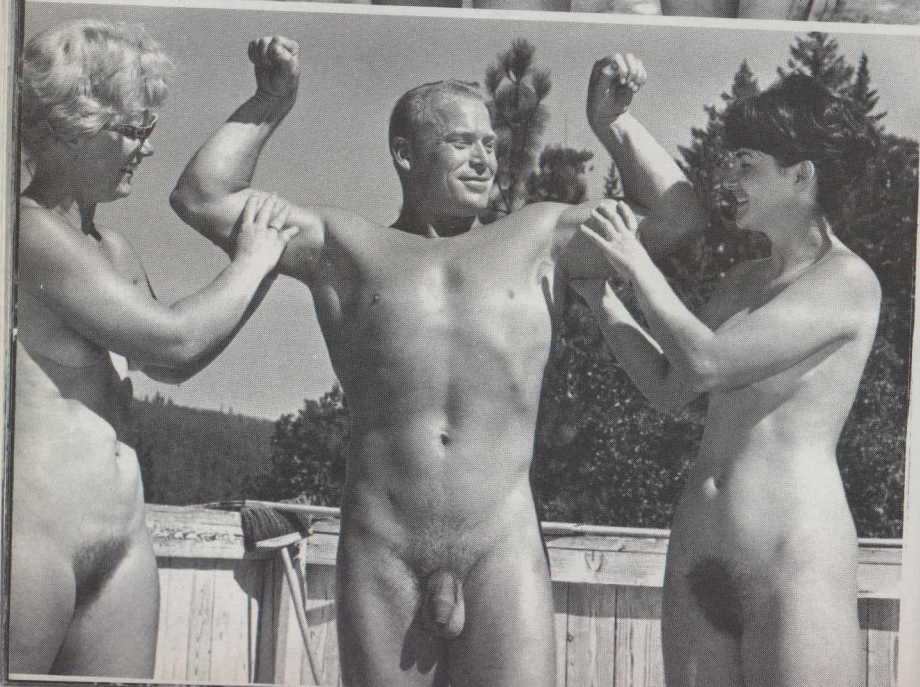












































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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The opinions expressed in correspondence from readers do not necessarily reflect those of the publisher or the Editor. Letters intended for publication should be clearly marked as such, the Editor reserving the right to publish.



MALE CALL

AS a keen sun lover, and one who adores both the female and male naked body may I firstly congratulate you on your fortnightly collections of photographs of exquisite women. Secondly, may I register a complaint at your lack of male nudes. Surely you must agree that your journal is biased to the female of the species? Why can't the sexes be represented on a fifty-fifty basis; after all, these proportions are roughly how the population is split.

Finally, let me once again offer my thanks for the very fine male nude pictured on page 51 of your issue No. 898. This is definitely a move in the right direction. Here was a truly magnificent nude, a handsome man with a healthy body and the most wonderful penis seen in your magazine for a long time.

Let us in future have many more photo-

graphs of the human male and especially this particular man, who surely represents virility at its very best.

Bedford.

T.I.

(Virility at its best? And by that you probably mean the well-endowed male? If so, my friend, you may have to revise your ideas. Size is no indication of virility or ability.—Ed.)

MORE YOUTH PLEASE!

AFTER reading the letter of a Miss Mary Ridgewood (with which I entirely disagree) that was published in the 'H.&E.' issue No. 897 of December 1st, 1973, I have decided that I would like to give you my opinion and ask you a question. I am a 20-year-old youth who has purchased 'H.&E.' for the last two years. I am in fact rather disappointed that I do not see many photographs of my age

group published in your very good issues that I have had since the beginning. Please do not take this as an insult, because I am very sincerely one hundred per cent satisfied with all of my previous copies but I am rather mystified that you should publish pictures of a majority of middle-aged or older people than myself. If, in fact, there are very few people of my age from the nudist camps in which you obtain these photographs I think I might tell you if I am permitted to, that I myself would not mind posing for your magazine without a fee. I believe from hearsay, a lot of magazines employ male and female nudist models. As I said, *PLEASE under no circumstances*, take this to be an insult on my part, but if you yourself feel that your readers do not see enough of the younger generation in the 'H.&E.' issues I would be more than willing to pose for you at home or away free of charge. I feel that out of all the purchasers of 'H.&E.' magazines there are quite a few people who would agree with my opinion.

Brighton, Sussex. Yann Chapman

(Your's is a novel complaint. More often than not we are chastised for portraying too many people of your age group.—Ed.)

YOGA MY WAY!

THANK you for your article of Erwin Grant's on "Healthier Sex Through Yoga". Being a practitioner of Yoga myself, and through its benefits being a man of 53 with a body of a 35-year-old, I welcome this article. But with respect to Mr. Grant, I feel that we are only scratching the surface. There is one Yoga true, but so many different branches, e.g., the Yoga of Sex (Trantric Yoga), the Yoga of the Body (Hatha Yoga), the Yoga of the Mind (Rajah Yoga), etc. I teach several L.E.A. classes in Yoga and lecture on the different aspects in all parts of the country. I am becoming more and more convinced that Yoga and Naturism are mutually compatible, nay, the one seems

to be a natural concomitant of the other. Now we Yogis practice naked Yoga in the privacy of our homes, but I would like to bring the benefits of Yoga to naturists wherever they may be. So should there be any naturist clubs who wish to know more about the practice and theory of Yoga I would be pleased to help by coming and giving a practical demonstration of the art as mutually convenient. My main object in writing is to try and form a liaison between the two cultures.

Lancs.

W.A.L.

(It is surprising that up to now Yoga has played a very small part in naturist activities. I think it is a natural for the state of nudity. The exercises will certainly help to clear up the lingering inhibitions that still exist among many naturists.—Ed.)

ENCOURAGEMENT

AS a fairly new member of a naturist club, I have been rather surprised by the insular attitude of the members. Surely we should be doing all in our power to encourage the acceptance of nudity by the general public. The once a week club evening at the local baths is all very nice, but local authorities should be approached and persuaded to make nude swimming sessions available to everybody; I understand that the authorities in Wiesbaden discovered that such days were better attended than 'costumed' days. It must be time to insist that more 'free' beaches are available.

Clubs should be encouraged to hold more open days. In order to deter voyeurs, visitors should be expected to undress, as they cannot complain if it is their true intention to sample the delights of nudism. I believe that many clubs attract undesirables by allowing three clothed visits for potential members, as some people come for three 'peep-shows' and then disappear. In my limited experience, the prospective members, who undress as soon as they arrive, usually stay.

It is my hope that public opinion will be altered to the extent that nudity will be considered normal on suitable occasions. Perhaps, in the not too distant future, one will be able to go naked in the back garden without the almost certain prospect of arrest. Incidentally, I have heard of two instances where women frequently roam naked in their gardens in full view of their neighbours, but so far there has been no complaint: unfortunately people do not appear to be so tolerant of the unclothed man.

One is often told that to a naturist all parts of the body are decent, yet female members seem to perform fantastic contortions to avoid completely revealing their vulvas. Similarly, I am amazed at the apparent censorious attitude towards erections, although I do not suggest that men should be continually in this state: surely naturists should accept the male and female genital organs without shame? This more realistic and healthier attitude would probably calm the fears of prospective members, who are afraid of committing a faux-pas.

Essex.

Anthony Hope

(Apropos your last paragraph: the contortions are not so much in evidence in clubs where the risk of indictment against exposure is not pronounced in the form of a catechism to novitiates. A healthy climate of genital acceptance then prevails, aiding the moral and physical comfort of a sun club's members. Ed.)

MAY I congratulate you on your editorial in "Outdoor Leisure" No. 35 re the Anti-Porn Bill? Whilst I am all for maintaining the innocence of children for as long as possible (this is what makes them children) I see no reason to withhold from them the knowledge of what a grown-up body looks like. A fairly general trend these days is for children to be allowed to go into the bathroom while

parents are bathing if they (the children) wish, and if the parents don't mind their children seeing them naked, why should anyone else? Everyone is entitled to their opinions of course, and mine is to see nothing wrong in the foregoing.

I always thought that Governments were appointed to govern and not pander to minority groups. Prudes and puritans must understand that we are all naked under our clothing, and though we may hide our bodies from other people's eyes we cannot hide them from their minds. This, to me, is tantamount to a shopkeeper putting his wares in his window and then pulling down the blinds. It would be a good thing if magistrates could be persuaded thus when making their assessments of what is pornographic.

And what is so wrong about sexual arousal? We wouldn't have it if it wasn't necessary. Furthermore, God incorporated this necessity in man when He created him, and if God had not given sexual arousal to man, the prudes would not be around to be prudish. I admire God's handiwork, and His wisdom, to the full, and those who denounce God's work are denouncing God. That, in my book, is blasphemy. Also, however powerful the law may get, it cannot prevent sexual arousal, even in the administrators of the law themselves.

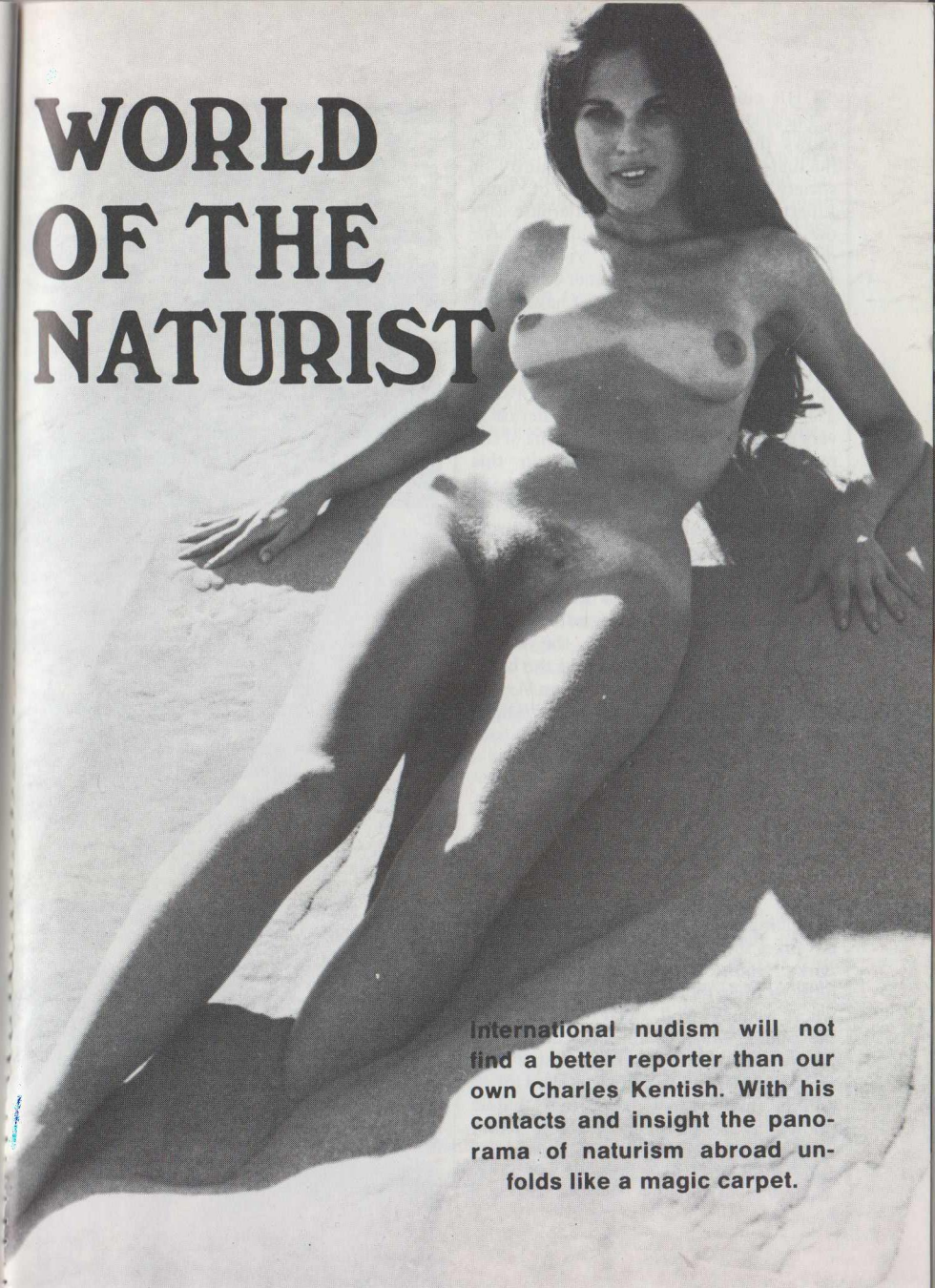
I suggest that the foregoing philosophy be expressed to all naturists and hope they will spread the Gospel still further.

Mirfield, Yorks.

H. Downs

(I think most nudists accept the tenets of your philosophy without much question but what they are subject to are the disciplines of propriety. And in the context of what is currently acceptable, sex and arousal of the overt kind is not tolerated. It is in such instances that the rules governing the rites of privacy become distorted and until there is a revolution in our standards of what is deemed innocent it is in this area that one must be on one's guard. Ed.)

WORLD OF THE NATURIST



International nudism will not find a better reporter than our own Charles Kentish. With his contacts and insight the panorama of naturism abroad unfolds like a magic carpet.

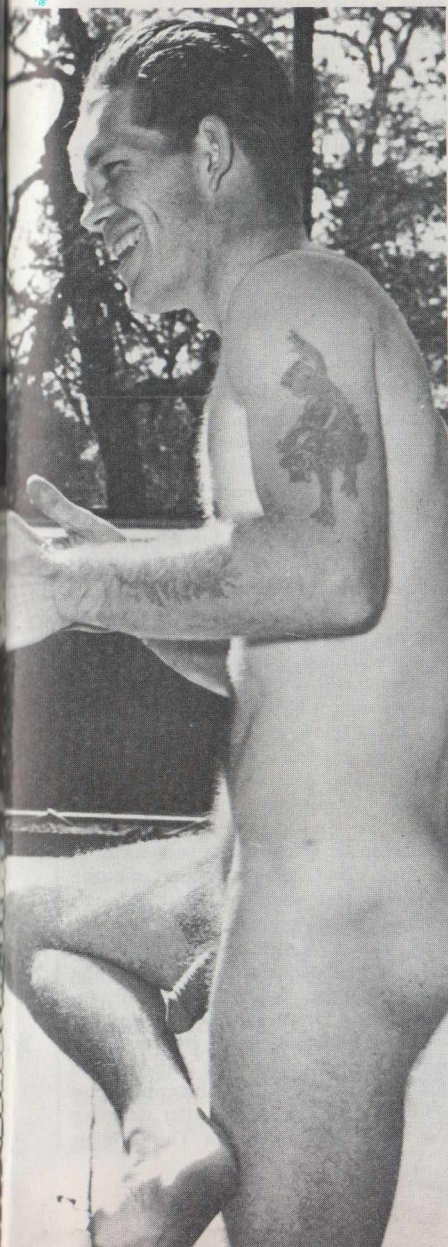
THE current retreat from permissiveness should surprise no one. History shows that views on morality tend to fluctuate widely in any given country or society over a long period of time. Libertinism and Puritanism alternate with the same inevitability as bull and bear markets. So while sexually explicit books and films are going back under cover they may not stay there for ever'. I have taken this paragraph from the latest issue of the A.S.A. Bulletin, the journal of the American Sunbathing Association, for what applies in the U.S.A. applies elsewhere. The pro-censorship trend in America is very much on the same lines as some of the recent attempts at repression in this country. So far the attack has not been been directly on Naturism, but once Mrs. Grundy gets the bit between her teeth she tends to go berserk.

The Bulletin reports the 'chartering' of three new clubs with seven others waiting for the decision of the Association. I have always been fascinated by the names chosen for American clubs, and the latest list provides a few more: Broken Arrow (Pennsylvania), Paradise Gardens (Ohio) and Green Haven (Saskatchewan).

Beaches in the Antilles

In America, too, fears have been expressed that the 'current nudity boom' may lead to the disappearance of nudist camps. 'It all points up to the fast approaching reality that as public nudity advances there will be less need for nudist parks. Nudist camps, it is predicted, will have to offer more than a fenced-in area where we may stroll, swim or sunbathe in the nude'. Most of us have heard this before many times, and I am sure that most practising club nudists in the U.S.A. and in this country realise that 'public nudity' as we are likely to see it within measurable time will be no substitute for club naturism.





Barry Plaxen, of *The Bulletin*, has been looking into reports that there are nudist resorts on Guadeloupe, one of the Antilles. He says that there are no resorts but that there are three nudist beaches on the main island and another on Terre du Haut. They are not in close proximity to any large town. Apparently the beach at Pointe Tarare is run by a group formed with I.N.F. sanction. From what Barry Plaxen says in his report Guadeloupe could become just about the top in nudist facilities in the Western World. There is, of course, a snag. It is not very easy to get at unless one has plenty of time *and* money.

Cruises and weddings

Already some of the European travel agencies are showing an interest, for the Corsicana Nudist Holiday Centre, based in Bavaria, is organising a cruise of the *Neptune*. The proposed route is Genoa, Casablanca, Teneriffe, Barbados, Trinidad, Grenada, Guadeloupe and Porto Rico, the tourists returning from the last named by jet. I said above that one would need time and money to join the cruise, and I have a feeling that the passengers in *Neptune* will have difficulty in finding either nudist resorts or beaches in, for instance, Trinidad, Granada or Porto Rico. I have correspondents in all three and none of them have been able to find any real naturists. There are, naturally, a few people who either risk bathing naked or who have never been told that taking one's clothes off to swim is illegal! Yes, the age of innocence still lingers on in some parts of the world.

Another nudist wedding is due. Carole, daughter of Charles and Jan Youngman is to marry Richard Underwood. The bride's parents run the Seminole club at Port Lauderdale, Florida, and the bridegroom is a son of long-time members of the club. I suppose that if one must have a nudist wedding with all the publicity

such events always attract it is appropriate that the happy couple should be second-generation nudists.

Someone is trying to check the so-called 'Nudity Boom'. Sheriffs' deputies using an aeroplane raided a party of nudists at Hope Sound, Florida, and charged them with indecent exposure.

Some of the stories about the young English couple who were arrested by the police because they were found swimming naked on a public beach in Crete were grossly exaggerated according to a spokesman for the police, who denies absolutely that there was any ill treatment. The important fact remains: if one must swim naked, don't risk it in Crete.

I am still puzzled by the reports which come in from Italy. The latest to reach me states that the Lega Nudista, which has founded colonies in Pomezio Anzio and San Angelo Romano, is making approaches to travel agents to promote the two resorts. So far I have been unable to get any but the barest information about either the Lega or its clubs. I.N.F. report the opening of a nudist beach near Rome. At the opening ceremony only three dressed committee members were present, which resulted in fifty terribly disappointed photographers!

Mediterranean camping

The Swiss 'Lichtbund ONS' has joined the Swiss Working Committee for co-ordination in the fight against the misuse of tobacco. The latest news of the veteran Werner Zimmermann, now 80 years old, is that he inaugurated the new swim-pool at Heliosclub de Thun by diving in.

An official statement by the East German authorities says that naturism is neither permitted nor prohibited but is 'tolerated on a large scale'. I take this to mean that in general the police ignore nudist activities unless members of the public complain—much the position we

enjoy in this country.

A public naturist leisure park is to be opened by the Allgemeinen Naturistenbund at Schloss Naumburg. 300 wooden bungalows are planned, costing some DM3000 each.

A new beach at Port Leucate (Mediterranean), not far from Perpignan, has been opened by the Promo-Nature club and will be known as Corregue-nue. Ambitious plans have been announced for the further development of this centre. There will be 200 camping spaces, 120 plots for caravans and a vacation village with accommodation for 400. As a finishing touch, a restaurant will be built, a swimming pool made and courts for many games provided.

Jo'burg club

By the time this report reaches readers the 'snow' programme organised by the Club du Soleil and the Club Altitude and held in Val d'Isere will be over. This event has been held annually for the past four years and the number of people taking part has risen from 354 to 710 (last year). It is understood that this figure includes both competitors and sympathisers.

The Curse of Babel has much to answer for, but I think we can also give it the credit for providing amusement. For example: 'The Mayor of Bellville made himself impossible by saying that he fully supported the swimming-master who refused to let a ten-month baby swim in the nude'. And a part of a report of police action against some of South Africa's 'skinny dippers' comes a close second: 'Last time in a very insportive manner when twenty policemen in suspect bathing trunks mingled between the nude recreants and at a sudden rounded up seventeen of them'. Better still, and also in better English, the story adds that the nudists had spotted an off-duty policeman hiding behind a bush and after stripping him threw him into the sea. This little bit

of fun cost each of the 'recreants Rand 25 —or was the fine for being naked and not for attacking the policeman?

And, once more, the South Africans can claim a women-only club. This time it is near Johannesburg, is very exclusive, has been constructed in a Roman enclosure and members can sunbathe, swim or make use of a sauna.

So much news floods in from Yugoslavia, and so much of it reaches the Press, that there is little purpose in repeating much of it here. But then nudism has become an important part of tourism in that country, which is not renowned for its liberal thought. Of course, we are glad to know of any country which extends a welcome to Naturism, but it would be interesting to know how many Yugoslav nationals are practising nudists.

Spanish news

Progress is still slow in Japan if, indeed, there has been any real progress at all. I.N.F. now have an official representative in that country. During their stay in San Francisco last summer a group of forty Japanese travellers paid visits to some nudist grounds of A.S.A. member-clubs in California in order to get acquainted with 'the principles under which nudist clubs are formed from the standpoint of health' because no such facilities exist in Japan.

In spite of many reports to the contrary, I.N.F. repeat 'This season many thousands of naturists will have enjoyed their sunbathing on quiet, secluded beaches along the Spanish coast and also on the many islands'. This, apparently, in spite of the reports of police and church action against a few who were seen nude on Ibiza. I doubt the value, or wisdom, of raising the hopes of visitors to Spain, but possibly I.N.F. see signs of a lifting of the official bans.



Cathy Dickson is the name ; and she hails from California.

PROBING

In her inimitable way Margaret Stille comments on the way the newspapers cover the naturist scene, and pays particular attention herself to the impending Cinematograph and Indecent Displays Bill. The implications are so far reaching she claims, that it is as well that we are warned of them in advance.

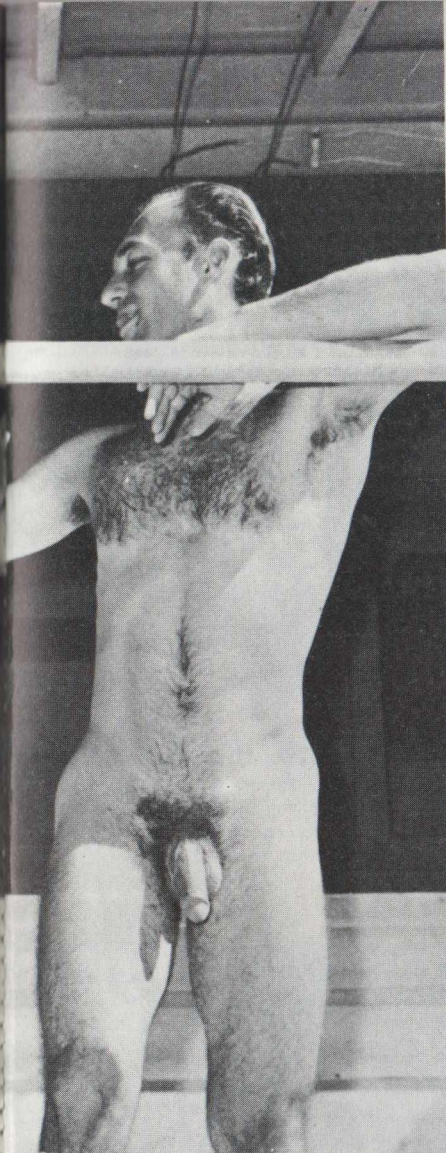
I AM sure we are all greatly harmed because it is easier to stand up in public and shout Wolf than it is to convince the same public that the wolf is a cuddly lamb. Even if we *know* it's a cuddly lamb we will not prevail if the public *think* it's a wolf. It is easier to be seen standing up railing against filth than it is to be seen standing up saying this is not filth. If you are uncommitted you will always find it easier if asked to choose, the side claiming virtue than the side forced on to the defensive.

Moreover, it is a strange circumstance, but we tend to be convinced by the affirmative. I mean, it is easier to believe someone who says "this is the truth" than someone who says "this is not the truth". That negative seems to weaken the appeal of the words.

These thoughts are prompted by the horror I have of the proposals contained in the Cinematograph and Indecent Displays Bill, now before Parliament, and by the time you read this, probably the law of the land.

As some of you may know, the advent of such screaming sillies as Lord Longford



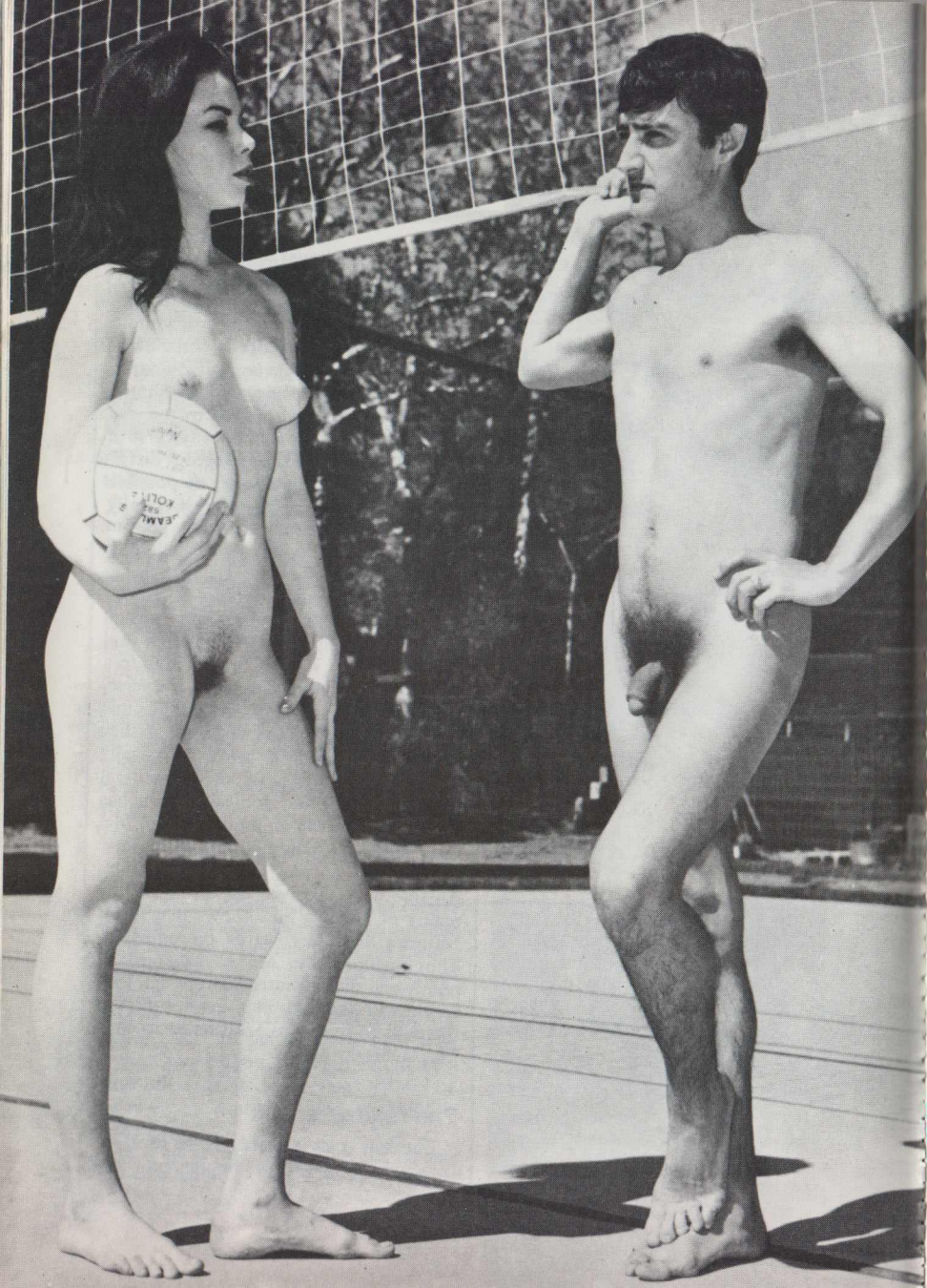


THE PRESS

and Mary Whitehouse has already caused a considerable curtailment of your freedoms. I am talking of your human right to see and read whatever you wish without the blue nosed interference of some busy-body who wants to see or read it first, in case he or she may decide what you should not see or read. I am appalled by the way these would-be censors are always first in the queue to see some alleged "dirty" movie. From the highest of all possible motives, of course! I am almost equally appalled by the sexual kick they get out of it all. I mean they are always telling us how "disgusted" they are. Or "physically sick". Or "shocked to tears". Now a human being who witnesses some sexual (and it is usually sexual) experience and responds in this way is over-reacting to a degree that I can only describe as perverse. Their own concept of sexuality must somehow have become distorted if they are to be reduced to being "physically sick". For whatever cause, their emotional involvement in philosophical rhetoric has conceived for them an unreal view of life. For our sexual nature is our real nature. Our deepest nature. Our truest nature. Anyone who has lived close to, say, the reality of country life, knows that all of Nature's drive is towards reproduction. Those people who are so ashamed of reality and their own true nature that they would call sexuality evil, are too far off the path of reality to be listened to by a sane society.

The figures speak

But their voice is heard all over the land. In a whole year of campaigning, Lord



Longford could collect only 16,000 complaints and we have only his word for that. Over the same period of time the number of "girlie" magazines sold must have amounted to many millions. And there are hard circulation counts to back up the figures. Clearly society shows what it wants. Yet the same society is having an Act of Parliament foisted on to them, whose sole purpose is to satisfy the prurient among us, the sick minority, and the mentally retarded.

Effect of hysteria

All of you must have, at one time or another, seen a picture of the nude body. Probably on the cover of a magazine. This magazine even. Did it shock you? Did it disgust you? Did it make you physically sick? If it did any of these, something has happened to your mind and your whole personality. You should seek help. So one is forced to assume, knowing that most people in this country are not insane, that the Bill aims at removing nude cover girls for other reasons. Perhaps because the girl is indecent? Once again I must put the question: do you really think a picture of a beautiful young woman in the nude is indecent? I am sorry again for the sick among you, but of course, of all the millions in this country, one or two of you will qualify. Now, I propose that a better way of looking after this sad minority would be to give them the kindest hospital treatment we can, under the National Health Service, for if anyone needs this service, they do. What does this new Act of Parliament propose for these unfortunates?

It proposes to remove every naked girl from every magazine cover in the country, forever. Now I happen to know that a few peculiar people come out in red spots when they eat potatoes. Would you say the best thing for the nation then would be to banish the potato from every table

in the land? Yet it is this sort of reasoning that must lie behind the Government's proposals.

Where do you stop? If you cater for every kind, you find yourselves in such deep water that the sane majority begin to wonder just who is mad? Perhaps the sane are really the mad, and that in an insane world madness is the only way to get by.

Remember what happened the last time this hysteria about sexuality swept the land? There are people still alive who can recall a time when the word "Bull" was regarded as a four lettered monstrosity never to be mentioned in "polite" company. It was a "male cow". A "breast" became a "bosom" and even chickens had them. In our efforts to be "nice" we murdered the language. Trousers became "indescrībables", "ineffables", and "indispensables". Underclothes, likewise, became "unwhisperables" or "unmentionables". When it came to more direct words like "cock" you changed it to something less definitive like "rooster". In an American novel of the time a girl's boyfriend had just become a "rooster-swain" in the Navy. Since one was not permitted to say "belly", Anthony Trollope used the words "fat stomach". Eventually the censors of those days made him settle for "deep chest". Breasts became "twin peaks of ivory". And they put trousers on the piano legs.

Indecent dilemma

You laugh at this now, don't you? Well, wipe the smile off your face. If you don't the Indecent Displays Bill will. It is the first step to the same sort of thing. If all the Bill wanted to do was to stop the public display of any representation of nudity, that would be bad enough, but it goes much further. More of that in a moment. But perhaps the worst aspect is its hypocrisy. You see the people who

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framed the Bill are in a dilemma. What they want, quite simply, is the removal of nude pictures from the sight of the public. But they don't like to say so. That would make them appear as stupid as they are. They want to cover up. So they use the word "Indecent". But they don't want to define it because they would have to say "indecent" includes pictures of naked girls on magazine covers and that would again make them look as silly as they are.

The dilemma they have failed to unravel is saying what they mean and being thought crazy and not saying what they mean, thereby creating the kind of crime that can only belong to the world of 1984. For while "indecency" becomes an offence, they haven't said what "indecency"



**Young matron of East Midlands
Sunfolk reflects the joy of naked
living outdoors.**

is for the reasons given above. Thus you, as an innocent citizen, can commit an offence without knowing it. So devious are the ways of the Bill that it has been said in Parliament that you could find yourself breaking the law merely by buying a copy of the *Sun* newspaper and turning to page three. As Nicholas de Jongh reported in the *Guardian*: "Picture a trainload of apparently respectable men reading the *Sun* newspaper or rather lengthily surveying page three, which so often reveals a girl without the benefit of clothes. As soon as the Cinematograph and Indecent Displays Bill is on the statute book each one could be breaking the law".

Mr. Alex Lyon (Lab., York) said in Parliament: "If someone took exception to its contents then it might be right that the *Sun* should be prosecuted, or that the newsagents should be prosecuted, but it can hardly be right that the person who bought it to read the news should be prosecuted".

Land of freedom

The opposition put forward an amendment to prevent this happening. It is almost beyond belief, but the amendment was voted out. It took the chairman's casting vote to achieve this, mind you, but still out it went. So if you happen to be reading this magazine in a train, sneak a look around first, a member of a secret police may be sitting beside you. And this in the United Kingdom! Not Russia, or South Africa, or some other little tin-pot African State. But right here in this land of hope and glory, this land of the free, whose sons never, never shall be slaves.

While we were just about to go to press I learned that Parliament will be dissolved and that the Government is to go to the country. Is it too much to hope that the next Government will consign this bill to where it rightly belongs—in the waste-paper basket?

CAMPFIRE

In his monthly review of naturist happenings, Wallace Arter comments on the prospect of free beaches, the proliferation of nudity on our TV and cinema screens, and the significance of this magazine in the world of "Art".

IT'S fine when anyone can smile at misfortune and I hardly expected to hear of naturists who not only took the recent railway go-slow and the power cuts in their stride but also found them 'salutary' (their word) reminders of the old days. 'All this fuss about having no electricity', wrote one reader. 'Why, the first clubs had none, and in fact it is only within the past ten years that we got rid of our paraffin lamps at home'. Perhaps it does pay to live in the backwoods after all. And what of the man who reminded me that in the 'pioneering' days of Naturism very few indeed of us had cars. 'We used to cycle miles', he reminded me, 'and when the club was a long way from a railway station or a bus stop we had a longish walk. We certainly earned our fun in those days'.

If there's a moral in that attitude I suggest it is that we should remember how lucky we are today. I am assuming, of course, that the Emergency does not go on for months and months. And one of my regular correspondents even has something to say about that. He says that ever since he can remember there has been an emergency of some kind! Perhaps he's right.

Our lords and masters at Westminster are getting bogged down over the definition of 'indecent'. One speaker said that anything 'immodest' or 'unbecoming' was, by definition, 'indecent'. He was at once reminded that by this definition many ladies' hats could be described as

indecent. I think the trouble the law-makers are having is due to the fact that what one person may think intolerably indecent gives no offence at all to some other person. The debate continues and, perhaps as an offshoot, we have the extraordinary ruling that a nude female is no longer indecent if a bikini (bottom half) is painted or hung on.

A young man who came to see me the other day clearly reads newspapers I never see, for he was cock-a-hoop about the 'victory' in the battle for the beaches. He was quite shocked when I defended the 'prudish' councillors who have turned down the C.C.B.N. proposals. It is not a matter of what the councillors themselves think. Most of them know that a very large percentage of the people who elected them are anti free-beach and what is more would very quickly make themselves heard if their elected representatives did anything which offended them. I fear we shall have to wait for a great change in public opinion before we get our British nudist beaches, except, perhaps on isolated and inaccessible parts of the coast well away from public roads.

One reader sent me a cutting reporting that a famous brewery firm has banned strip-tease shows in public-houses under its control. I think he expected me to fire a broadside at the brewers. Why should I? Does he really think that strip-tease is either a part of Naturism or is good for the future of our movement? I suggest that he should seek out a pub or club



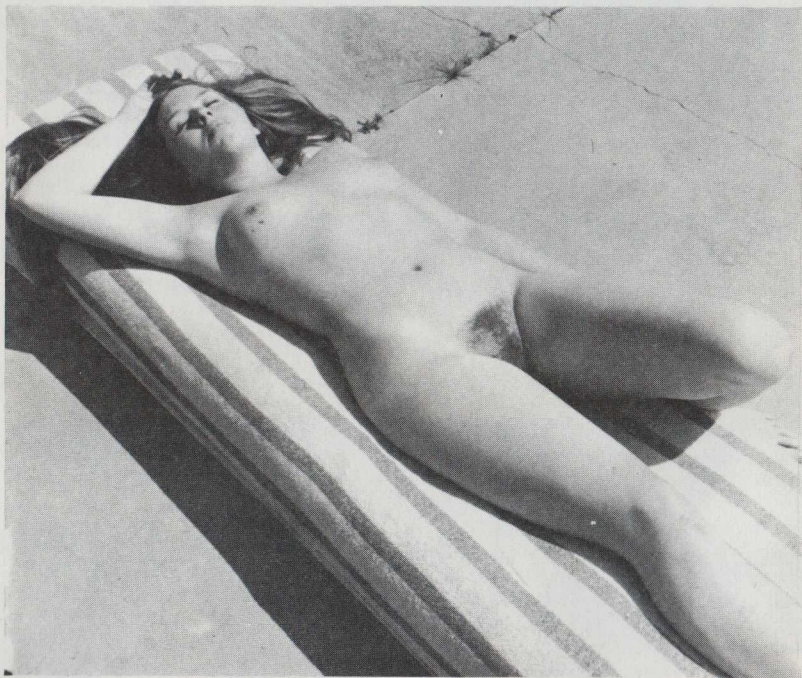
where strippers appear, watch and listen to the audience and think again.

Who was Gordon?

'If we are allowed to see both sexes quite naked on TV if they are coloured, as in some of the documentary programmes about South America and elsewhere, why are we not allowed to see white people, such as ourselves, naked?' I suggest that the answer may very well be that we are shown 'natives' in their normal everyday costume or lack of costume. When naked white people are as common as coloured our time may come. And that's a long way ahead.

I have a puzzle to solve. A reader in Devon sent me a faded snapshot which shows a man and a woman sitting on top of what looks like an air-raid shelter. Some flowers which could be nasturtiums are also shown and on the grubby back there are two names, one of which may be 'Gordon'. The man who sent me the snapshot says this couple were known to him as nudists 'before the war', but he has forgotten their names and even where he met them. I don't think it is very likely that anyone can help solve the puzzle. The annoying thing is that the man's face is familiar to me—and I can't place him either.

The air-raid shelter reminded me of a



This is the way the sun grabs you—especially if you are intelligent about it.

private club I know very well. During the war they had an 'Anderson' shelter which they dug well into the ground. They still have it—as the foundation of a rockery, but last summer rust at last did its work and the top of the rockery fell in. The reason I mention it is that not one of the 'present-day' members of the club has ever suspected that there's a war relic in the grounds. Most of them were not even born when the then members dashed into the old shelter. Time does fly—and so do memories fade.

Surprise, surprise. Some of you may know that I have often denied the claim that 'any nakedness' is a step in the right direction, and that I have 'had a go' many times at strip-tease. (Yes, even in this article.) An old friend who has returned to my mail after a long gap has taken the matter up. He used to run a music hall up North, then went over to the cinemas and has been out of show business for some years, but he says that although the usual announcement of a stripper's performance was a 'load of eyewash', the opportunity to see a naked, or almost naked woman on the stage did 'condition' lots of men to 'familiarity with nudity'. I'm not arguing. If that is what my friend believes, fair enough. As a showman himself he *should* know what he's talking about.

The smallest club

I do get some funny questions! I have been asked for the name of the smallest club in England. I wonder if he means in membership or in acreage, whether he means a real club which existed or a pipe-dream. I'll do my best. The smallest effective club I ever heard of was founded many years ago some miles from Margate. The site was the lawn of a private house and it measured about ten yards by fifteen. Tiny as it was, it did attract about a dozen members and, more surprising

still, it survived for three seasons. The only clubs I have ever heard of which were smaller were those with names but neither grounds nor members. Our records list a fair number of them, most of them tokens of lost hopes and the disappointments of enthusiasts.

Stump removal

I have been asked for advice about a widely advertised chemical which makes the grubbing of root stumps easy. I know nothing of the advertised chemical, but I do know, from my own experience, that saltpetre does the trick. One should bore a hole in the stump and pack saltpetre in. In time this will soak into the stump and, after a little more time, it will be possible to set fire to it. Yes, this method does work but it's a mighty slow process and I gave it up years ago and employed a series of mechanical devices for future root-grubbing. If one has the money one can buy suitable gear quite easily. If not, a little ingenuity, a car jack and a few hefty bits of quartering will do the job. I have sometimes described the clearance of land in the clubs as 'good fun'. I believe it can be, but I confess that I am glad that my own need to heave out great roots is in the past.

After I had written that paragraph I remembered a photograph I have among my relics. It shows four of us grouped round an enormous tree-stump which seems to be in the bottom of a bomb crater. The joke was certainly on us when we grubbed that monster. We dug and dug round and under it until it was free and then we tried to get it out of the hole. It beat us and in the end we borrowed a tractor to haul it out. The tractor does not appear in the picture.

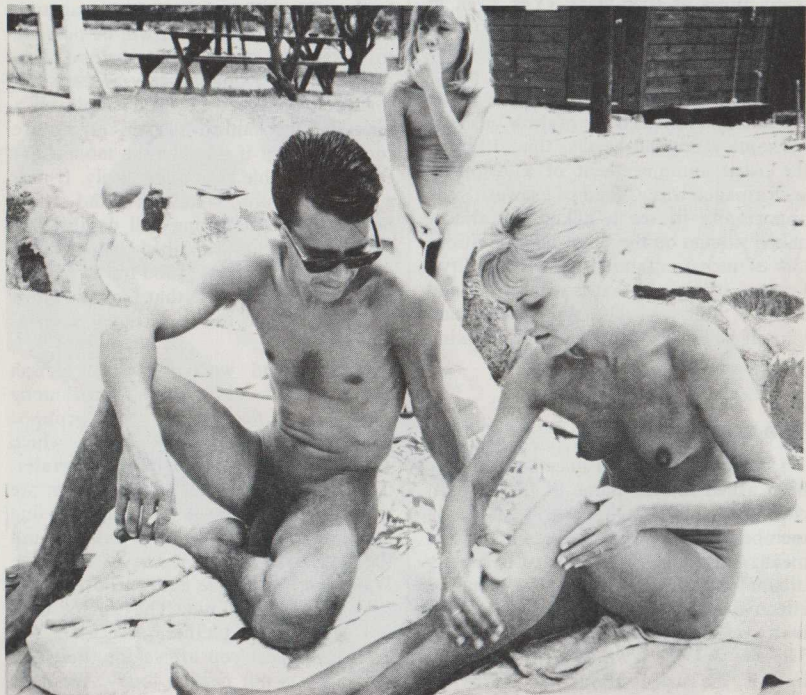
But, I expect you are saying, that sort of lunacy is not needed today. We have clubs now which have all mod. cons. and members no longer heave and strain as

you people did. Don't believe it. There are clubs which still have to develop; root-grubbing is still a familiar naturist pastime(!) and, what's more, it can be fun.

I am sorry but I cannot supply used postage stamps with or without nudes on them. At one times Charles Kentish ran a 'Stamps for Clubs' scheme by which he passed on stamps received from overseas to *children* in the clubs, but I think the scheme must have died. If you must have stamps with nudes on them I have no doubt that any stamp dealer could oblige.

I am told that a copy of this magazine was found recently with the 'art' pages torn out. Someone evidently wanted the pictures but had no time for the articles.

What a shame—all those words of wisdom thrown away to be caught up by the next refuse vehicle to pass that way. But I am not surprised. I expect lots of the people who buy this magazine show very little interest in the articles. I don't even mind, for I always hope that someone *will* read and think, read again and then decide that 'Health & Efficiency' and Naturism are something more than a delight for those who are starved for the sight of a human body. What I do mind is the sort of remark made to me recently by a man who had been reading some of my articles. He said: 'But you don't really mean that, do you?' Now, that, to a writer, naturist or anything else, is an insult.



Club scene nudist style—in this instance at an American sun park.

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in "HEALTH & EFFICIENCY" cost 5p per word (minimum charge £1.50). Box Numbers count as two words and cost 10p extra to cover postage. All advertisements must be prepaid and sent to:

**SUITE C, 216-218 MAIN ROAD,
BIGGIN HILL, KENT.**

It is regretted that advertisements for penfriends cannot be accepted.

Naturists seeking personal introductions **MUST** send with the advertisement a letter from his or her Sun Club Secretary recommending that the advertisement should be accepted for publication. The publishers of "HEALTH AND EFFICIENCY" cannot accept advertisements of this nature unless so recommended. Readers seeking naturist facilities are advised to contact any of the Clubs advertising in this issue, or write in the first instance to the Secretary, C.C.B.N., Sheepeote, Orpington, Kent. BR5 4ET.

The Publishers reserve the right to refuse advertisements without explanation.

All replies to Box Numbers should be addressed to: Box No. —, "Health and Efficiency", 38 North Audley Street, London, W.1.

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La Vie au Soleil. The French sunbathing magazine. News and pictures of all French Naturists' Club and nudist resorts for holidays (Island of Levant, Montalivet, Ardeche, Agde, Corsica, etc.). Six copies a year. Great size. Send now for three specimen copies (4 International Reply Coupons, Postal Orders excluded). Or annual subscription £1 (closed cover £1.75) or International Money Order.—La Vie Au Soleil, 13 rue Emile Lepeu, Paris 11e (France).

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Confidential and Private Photography. Now your Colour and Black/White films developed and printed. Photographer available. Sussex Area. S.A.E. for full details.—Box No. 1436.

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Models Required for Naturist and Glamour work. Good pay by the hour. Living within 25 miles of London. Box No. 1490.

6' Male, age 30, would like to do Modelling, indoors or out. Art, Photographic, Magazines, etc., private or Clubs. Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield, Sheffield areas or near.—Box No. 1493.

Hideaway Holiday in isolated cottage amid three acres of rugged Devon hills. Double and single room to let by practising naturists. Farm Produce. S.A.E.—Box No. 1491.

Professional—Monochrome and full colour service for the amateur and professional photographer. Your photography merits our care. 3½p stamp for details; 15p including sample duplicate transparency.—Box No. 1478.

Read some of the best naturist publications available on the international market: Germany's FREIS LEBEN, single copy, 80p post free; or NATURIST AND WORLD, large size German monthly, single copy, 90p post free. Poster-style colour, amply illustrated, first-class printing.—Write to Rudolf Hofman, Publishers, D-6 Frankfurt, P.O. Box 600, 368 W. Germany (International Postal Money Orders required).

Private Adult Photographs. £1 sample set. S.A.E. large list.—Maxzine (H), Cresta, Broadley Common, Nazeing, Waltham Abbey, Essex.

London Health and Sauna Club. London's only mixed naturist and sauna club. Meetings weekday evenings. Sauna massage, Pool, Yoga, Snack Bar, etc. COUPLES ONLY.—Full details from 01-205 9521 or write L.H.S.C., Tropicana Sauna, Central Park Hotel, Queensborough Terrace, London, W.2. Telephone: 229-2424. Ext. 825.

Professional Photographer, travels widely, seeks natural Models in all areas for publishing venture linking beauty of countryside with that of human figure. Ladies, Couples and Families only, please. Last advert, filled male model needs. Professional assignments also undertaken all areas except South-East. Marcus Photos, 57 Bath Road, Worcester.

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Married Couple to pose for your special photos or cine. Have premises or will travel. For details write giving Phone No. to Box No. 1486.

Underwear—Leisurewear—Beachwear. Send 15p for full colour catalogue. Latest styles for men. Underwear and leisurewear in 20 or 40 denier nylon. New Swim/Beach wear range in 75 denier Tricel. Send for our most popular garments now—**Bikini style Briefs** 70p each. **Boxer style Briefs** 85p each. **Special 3 Pack Offer**, either style, £1.75. Colours: Navy, White, Red, Black, Pink, Light Blue, Lemon. Sizes: S., M., L., XL. (state denier, size and colour). Callers welcome.—**King Key Wear Ltd.** (HE/25), 56 Lee High Road, London, S.E.13 5PZ.

Photodates. You choose from hundreds. S.A.E. for free details. CEI (HE), 3 Manor Road, Romford, Essex.

Devon Cornwall—June. Trendy young lady with pin-up figure required for outdoor photo modelling session. If this is you—please send full personal details without delay. Girls required at Cambridge studio constantly. Box No. 1495.

Bachelor, 33, Sunclub member, wishes to correspond with young lady naturist.—Box No. 1496.

Gentleman, countrylover, needs girl to assist as model for outdoor amateur photography on occasional Saturday afternoons during the summer. Experience not essential. Fee and travelling expenses paid.—Please write, enclosing photo, to Box No. 1498.

Naturist Couple offer accommodation, Central Somerset. B.B./L./E.M. Private heated swimming pool, sun lawns. Near Coast.—Send S.A.E. for details: Mrs. Camp, 2 Hampton Villas, Crowpill Lane, Bridgwater, Somerset.

Sunbathers! A new holiday camp in Devon, with facilities for tents and caravans, in secluded grounds, and accommodation in manor house, if preferred, for couples and single folk. For details send S.A.E. to Box No. 1496.

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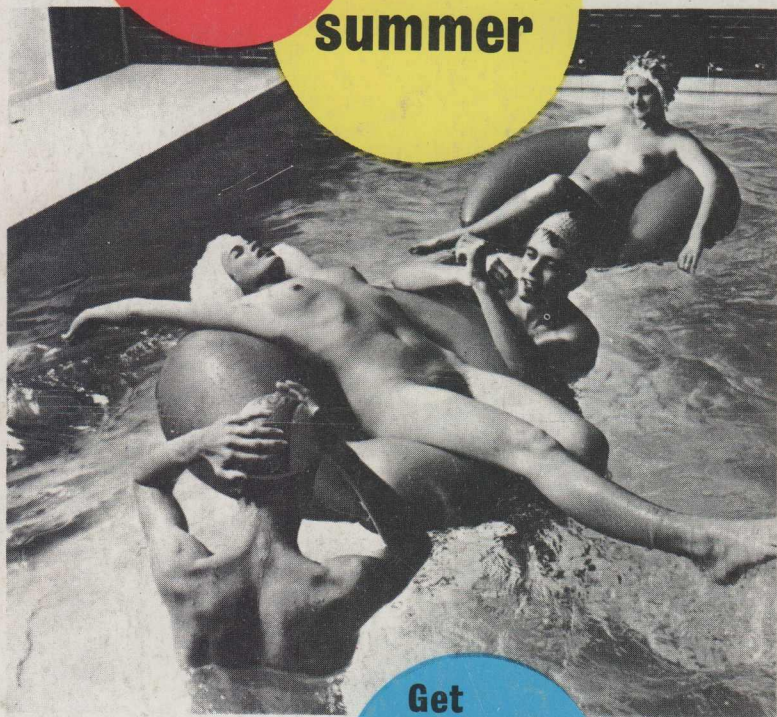
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